

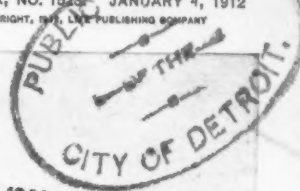
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NUMBER

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Life

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WILDHACK.

THE LATEST MODEL



Nearly one hundred and fifty Baker Electrics are used by Washington Society—including high officials of the Government and foreign diplomats. The Baker is the one American make which meets the engineering standards of Europe. Its social prestige is not confined to the National Capital; it is nation wide.

The Baker Motor-Vehicle Company, 33 West 80th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Makers also of Baker Electric Commercial Cars

as Second

• LIFE •



Of those material things having to do with the art of good living, there is rightly expected beauty, richness, and refinement. In a fine motor car, to produce pleasurable ease in riding, they must be combined with usefulness founded in a smooth-running mechanism.

The Peerless Motor Car Company

Cleveland, Ohio

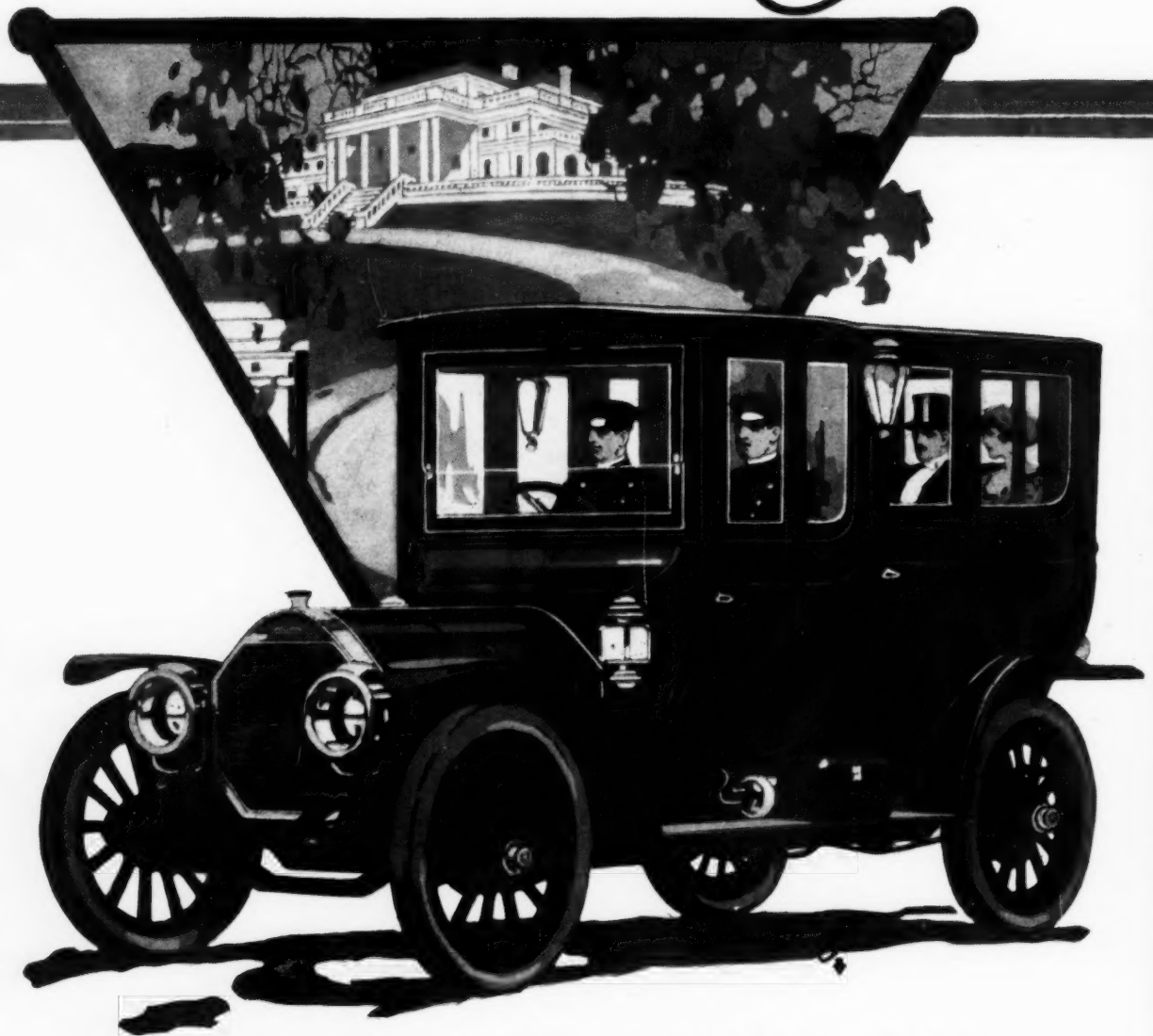
Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars

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• LIFE •

Stevens-Duryea



1912 Stevens-Duryea Sixes—Closed Car Models

Berlines—Limousines—Landaulets

THE Stevens-Duryea Six is a car of great power and flexibility, combined with the utmost comfort in riding.



The *easy riding quality* in all Stevens-Duryea Models is due largely to the elimination of the rigid support of the engine, clutch, fly-wheel and transmission to the frame in Stevens-Duryea construction.

Interesting literature mailed upon request, but a visit to a Stevens-Duryea dealer, where you can examine the cars themselves, will prove more interesting to you.

Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Pioneer Builders of American Sixes

LIFE.

"Firestone"

TIRES & DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

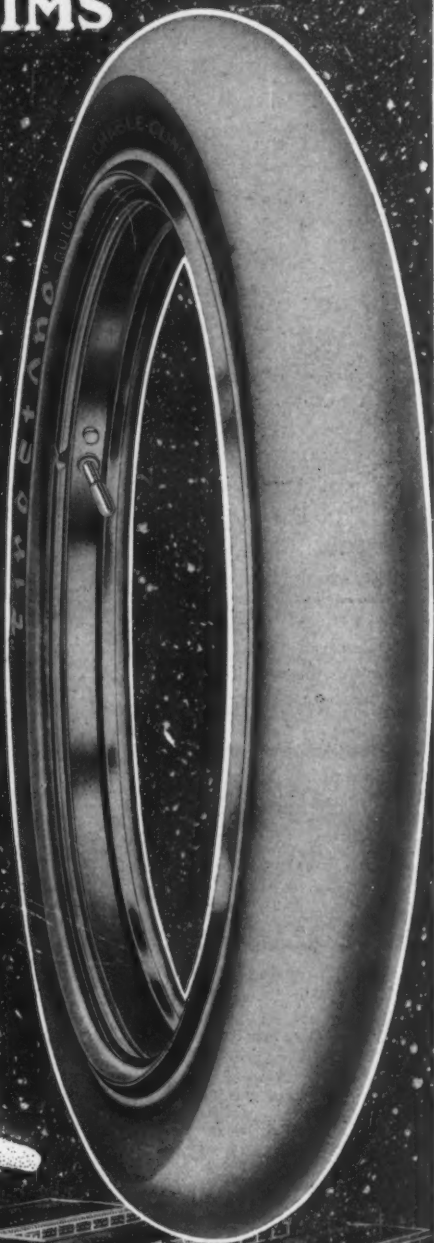
New Year's Resolution

For every Motorist

REALIZING that Good Common Sense counts just as much in buying tires as it does in Other Things, I am

RESOLVED to stop gambling in Tire Bargains; to leave the ordinary run of tires for those who Cannot-Tell the Difference, and to let the tires that are Good-today-and-bad-tomorrow be bought by the Unthinking Mass. ■ ■ ■

REMEMBERING that First Cost is only one of the items in a year's tire expense, I am resolved to use only Firestone tires in order to ensure getting the Most Miles of Service for every tire dollar I part company with in 1912. ■ ■ ■



LARGEST TIRE BUILDING IN THE WORLD

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. - AKRON, O.
"AMERICA'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE TIRE AND RIM MAKERS"

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Ave. 37th & 38th Sts., New York

Advance Spring Model

No. 300. Lingerie Dress of sheer white French voile or batiste, waist, sleeves and peplum of embroidery and val lace, cord girdle; new model skirt finished with double pleatings edged with lace.

Special 18.50

Value \$29.50

Women's sizes 32 to 44 bust
Misses' sizes 14 to 20 years

Hand-Made Lingerie Waists

NEW 1912 MODELS

of French batiste, washable voile or crepe, trimmed with Irish, Venice, French val and cluny lace.

7.50 9.75 13.75

Values \$11.50 to \$18.50



300

Poor Grania had to work and plan;
But just when lack of cash perplexed her
Up comes a Yankee lawyer-man;
Says he, "My name is H. Point-dexter.

"Your Uncle Phelim, rest his soul,
Is gone. But ere his death bereft you,
By will and testament the whole
Of all his boundless wealth he left you."

Now Grania went to London, too,
And made a most profound sensation.
Prince-Regent George ("Again!" say you?)
Pursued her steps with admiration.

But only Dennis, loved of old,
Could set her constant heart a-flutter.
She found him dirty, starving, cold;
She picked him right up from the gutter.

She says, "Come marry me, my lad!"
That omadhaun hung back, unwilling,
Because such heaps of gold she had
The whiles he didn't own a shilling.

Says she, "I'll throw the gold away!"
Says he, "All right; then let's be walking."
The Yankee lawyer says, "Nay, nay!
Ye hear yer Uncle Phelim talking!

"I didn't die at all, ye see,
But I'm yer father's only brother;
I'll leave me gold to both of ye—
Now, bless ye, marry one another!"

So that's the tale, of which I think
It isn't what you'd call inspired;
And when McCarthy spilled this ink
He must have been extremely tired.
Arthur Guiterman.



Against cold weather use

"CRÈME SIMON"

the famous beauty preparation which protects the skin from redness and all irritations, giving it whiteness and velvet-like appearance.

POWDER AND SOAP

Rhymed Reviews

The Fair Irish Maid

(By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper & Brothers)

A maid of one-and-twenty springs
Was Grania, child of Pat O'Hara,
Descended from those Irish kings
Whose spirits haunt the Hill of Tara.

She loved a surly Kerry clown
Who thought he'd writ a splendid play, so
He took that same to London Town.
His name was Dennis,—let it stay so.

CALOX

OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Clean Teeth Never Decay
The nearest approach to perfect cleanliness of the teeth is obtained by the daily use of Calox.

"THE OXYGEN DOES IT"
All Druggists, 25 cents
Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.



SUMMER

OR

WINTER

Wherever society gathers for recreation or pleasure, irrespective of season or weather, the practicability of the Electric Car is obvious. Easily operated, always under perfect control, clean, noiseless, efficient, ready at an instant's demand, with the grace of dignified luxury and refinement, it is without doubt the ideal motor car for city and suburban use. For commercial purposes, its efficiency and economy are especially marked. With

THE "Ironclad-Exide" BATTERY

the "Electric" reaches the pinnacle of perfect efficiency and dependability. The "Ironclad-Exide" is the master development of the famous "Exide" Battery. Years of study, experimentation and thought by the most eminent battery experts of the world have been built into the "Ironclad-Exide."

The superiority of the batteries of the "Exide" family—the "Exide," "Hycap-Exide" and "Ironclad-Exide"—is attested by the fact that they are used to-day by these leading Electric Vehicle manufacturers:

Argo Electric Vehicle Co.
Baker Motor Vehicle Co.
Borland-Grannis Co.
Broc Electric Vehicle Co.
Columbus Buggy Co.
Champion Wagon Co.
Commercial Truck Co. of America

Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co.
Columbia Motor Car Co.
Dayton Electric Car Co.
Grinnel Electric Car Co.
Hupp-Corporation
C. P. Kimball & Co.
Ohio Electric Car Co.

Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
Standard Electric Car Co.
Studebaker Automobile Co.
The Waverly Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

The "Ironclad-Exide" Battery has these decided advantages: It gives two to three times the life; seldom, if ever, requires cleaning; gives increased mileage and reduces the cost of operation.

If you want to enjoy true "Electric" dependability insist on the "Ironclad-Exide" Battery for your new "Electric" or for renewing your present vehicle battery. "Ironclad-Exide" plates can be used in any jars of standard "Exide" size.

Any information that you desire can be secured from the nearest Sales Office.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888

PHILADELPHIA

1912

New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Atlanta, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles,
San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Ore., Toronto.

760 "Exide" Distributors.

"Exide" Inspection Corps.

A Few American Owners of Stearns-Knight Cars

W. A. HARRIMAN
JACOB H. SCHIFF
A. HOLLAND FORBES
PETER J. GERRY
REX BEACH
JOHN CLARK UDALL
E. L. ROSSITER
MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN
F. A. TITUS
LEW FIELDS
C. A. HANNA
W. J. RIPLEY
H. E. STOEHR
HON. JUDGE PETER
T. BARLOW
H. M. HANNA
CYRIL DOS PASSOS
E. M. BACKUS
RICHARD HYDE

The World's Best Cars now

The demand for Stearns Cars doubled by the adoption of this new engine

Seven months ago—in July—we announced to the public that we had adopted the "Silent Knight" type motor. We said that our two years of tests and experiments had conclusively proved that the sleeve valve engine was infinitely superior to the poppet type. We said that the new motor would unquestionably lead American Motor car practice as it has European.

We knew that our old motor—and every other great motor—had to give place to the Knight. We told of the adoption of this motor by Daimler, Panhard, Mercedes and Minerva—the leaders of Europe. We were the first to adopt the Knight engine in America, and are the only ones using it exclusively.

We told of the advantages of the Stearns-Knight. How the new motor eliminates noise; does away with timing gears, cams, valve stems and the attendant complications, trouble, and loss of power. Then we told how it insures smooth steady action with a decided increase of power; why it is always alert—quick and willing. How it instantly answers the throttle and leaps eagerly away,

or brings the car down on high gear to a speed no greater than a man may walk.

An Increase of 100%

Since our adoption of the sleeve valve motor, our orders have doubled and doubled again. Our output this year will be 100% greater than that of a year ago, when we were building nothing but poppet valve engines.

This demand is not forced. It is a steady flow of orders from men who are abreast of conditions—men who have been waiting for the advent of an American-built Knight-motored car.

The success with which the new Stearns-Knight has met is something unparalleled in American automobile history. Today we have more orders than our total output of last year. Our shipments have never been as heavy in the sixteen years' history of our business. And we are building nothing but Knight-motored cars.

An Additional Factory

So great has been the demand from every quarter that we

have been forced to secure another factory in addition to our own plant. In November—a "dull" month—when manufacturers generally are easing up—we leased a large part of the factory of the Royal Tourist Car Company, ten minutes run from our own shops. It is now operated as our plant No. 3. And in addition to this, we are now erecting new factory buildings of our own.

The Reason

Experienced motorists—men who have owned car after car—realize that there is a new master in motordom. They know that the Knight sleeve valve principle is mechanically correct—that it eliminates troubles.

They know of the wonderful success of this motor abroad—of its adoption by the greatest car builders of Europe. They realize that the car of the future will be of the sleeve valve type—that the poppet valve is doomed. They know of the trials given the Knight motor in Europe and of the wonderful R. A. C. test in England.

When questions concerning the Knight principle are raised,

Specifications of the Stearns-Knight

Models: Touring, Toy Tourer, Runabout, Roadster, Limousine and Landulet. Prices \$3500 to \$4900.

Motor: 6-cylinder, 100-horsepower, 116-inch stroke, 121-inch bore. Gear: 10-speed, 116-inch. Tires: 36 x 4 1/2" all around.

Stearns
THE ULTIMATE CAR
KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR



The F.B. Stearns Co.

Branches:—New York - Pittsburg - Atlanta - San Francisco

Equipment of the Stearns-Knight includes: Warner Auto Meter Model K, Banker Windshield, Klaxon Horn, Vesta Electric Generator Lighting System (car is electric lighted throughout)

have the Knight Type Motor

Men the world over who demand the best, now demand the Knight Type

A Few European Owners of Knight-Motored Cars

THE KING OF ENGLAND
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY
THE Czar OF RUSSIA
THE KING OF SPAIN
THE KING OF BELGIUM
THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN
THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA
PRINCE OLENSKY OF RUSSIA
THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA
PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT
THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
THE DUKE OF PORTLAND
THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL ROBERTS
THE DUKE OF SPARTA
THE RAJA OF DHAR
BARON VAN FALLANDT OF HOLLAND
THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE
THE MARQUESE VILLALOBAR OF SPAIN

these men think of the experiences of such world-famous concerns as Daimler, Panhard, Mercedes and Minerva. They know that nothing in motoring history has had the approbation accorded the Knight motor in every country where it is known, by engineers, manufacturers, designers and owners.

Our Own Experiences

It must be remembered that for the two years when we were experimenting with this motor, we were in the position of *buyers*—not *sellers*. The old Stearns power plant had for years been admitted among the best in the world. We had little to gain and much to lose by the adoption of something new. All the expert knowledge of our organization was pitted *against* the Knight motor. We gave the engine unfair tests—we tried it as we *could not* try a poppet valve engine. The whole future of our business was at stake on the issue.

The Knight proved itself. Our own experiments but confirmed the results secured by the greatest designers in Europe. The Knight came through

every test—every trial—triumphant. Try as we would, the Knight principle forced us to the acknowledgement of its superiority. In our own factory with every man's hand against it—it won its own battle. On the road, with factory drivers under instructions to "drive it to death"—it answered every demand, fulfilled every claim made for it. Then, satisfied that we had the world's best, we abandoned the old type, and announced the new model.

The Verdict

We told the public months ago of the Stearns-Knight, and what it had in store for those fortunate enough to possess it. And now the great American public—the final court—is telling *us* of the Stearns-Knight. Telling us of the wonderful success of this car in the hands of users—telling us of the acid test of service. And these voluntary tributes are from all parts of America. From Coast to Coast, and the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They are from experienced motorists—men whose judgment is final.

We have reproduced these

letters in booklet form—letters telling what the Stearns-Knight means to men who drive it. How it has opened a new era to them.

Let Us Send the Facts

We will send this booklet of letters to you if you wish. And, we will send, too, "The Story of the Stearns-Knight Motor"—a booklet telling of the trial of two Knight motors by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain. How three years ago, laughed at by designers, and belittled by competitors, the invention of an American went triumphantly through tests that experts deemed impossible, and leaped to the proud position of master of the automobile world! We have told how, after weeks of exhaustive tests these wonderful engines developed *more* power at the finish than at the beginning, *and showed no sign of wear!*

All this information should be in the hands of every well-posted man. The Knight motor is fast adding new pages to automobile history—mail us the coupon, and we will place the facts in your possession.

12963
EUCLID AVE Cleveland, O.

Stearns
THE ULTIMATE CAR
KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR

Dealers in all other principal towns and cities

(Equipment continued) Silk Mohair Top and Cover, Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims, (two extra rims) Muffler Cut-out, Footrest, Robe Rail, Trunk Rack, Bulb Horn, etc.



THE F. B. STEARNS CO.
Cleveland Ohio

Dept. V

Gentlemen -

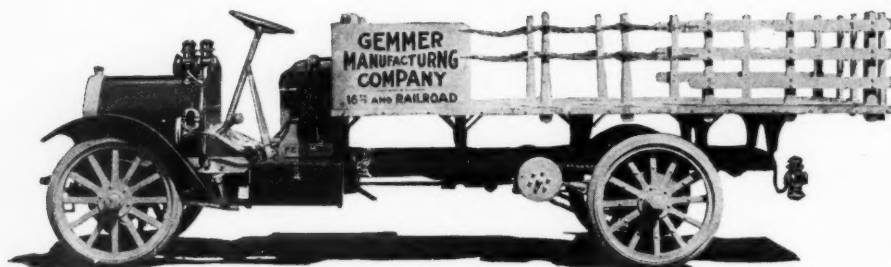
Please send me your booklets telling the Story of the Stearns-Knight

Name _____

Address _____

· LIFE ·

The Federal sets the final price of standard one-ton trucks—\$1800



Federal One-Ton Truck Chassis, 144 inch Wheelbase, including seat, \$1800. Body type at purchaser's option.

Wheelbase optional, 110 inch or 144 inch; Motor, 4 cylinder, 30 horsepower, Magneto, high tension; Clutch, 16 inch cone; Transmission, 3 speeds forward and reverse; Timken bearings in wheels; Tires, solid 36x3 1/2 inch front—36x4 inch rear.

FEDERAL ONE TON TRUCK

It is the same Federal Truck that has been in operation and demand for two years; that has stood up and proved up; that has met every hauling test; that has solved every hauling problem.

It is the same Federal that was awarded the Grand Trophy in the Chicago-Detroit-Chicago Truck Run last summer.

It is the same Federal that in the last Glidden Tour carried more than a ton of baggage 1500 miles in eleven days over all sorts of roads and finished with the touring cars. No truck had ever before even completed the Glidden Tour on time.

It is the same Federal that has for two years been setting new marks for strength, durability, speed and cost-reduction for the American business man.

Here is your **OPPORTUNITY**—to buy for \$400 to \$500 less than the price of any other truck of the same rating, a one-ton truck that is the Standard of Truck-Efficiency, Truck-Reliability and Truck-Economy.

Federal Motor Truck Co., 116 Isabella St., Detroit, Mich.

The Crime of Poverty

The worst of crimes. All the other crimes are virtue beside it; all the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison.

Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilences; strikes dead the very souls of all who come within sight, sound or smell of it.

What you call crime is nothing; a murder here and a thief there; a blow now and a curse then; what do they matter? They are only the accidents and illnesses of life; there are not fifty genuine professional criminals in London. But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill-fed,

ill-clothed people. They poison us morally and physically; they kill the happiness of society; they force us to do away with our own liberties and to organize unnatural cruelties for fear they should rise against us and drag us down into their abyss.

Only fools fear crime: we all fear poverty.

Pah! you talk of your half-saved ruffian in West Ham; you accuse me of dragging his soul back to perdition. Well, bring him to me here; and I will drag his soul back again to salvation for you. Not by words and dreams; but by thirty-eight shillings a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and



"OH, ETHEL! MAMMA SAYS IF I DON'T SMOKE UNTIL I'M GROWN UP SHE'LL GIVE ME A LOVELY PRESENT."

a permanent job. In three weeks he will have a fancy waistcoat; in three months a tall hat and a chapel sitting; before the end of the year he will shake hands with a duchess at a Primrose League meeting and join the Conservative party. . . .

It is cheap work converting starving men with a Bible in one hand and a slice of bread-and-butter in the other. I will undertake to convert West Ham to Mohammedanism on the same terms.

I hate poverty and slavery worse than any other crime whatsoever. And let me tell you this. Poverty and slavery have stood up for centuries to your sermons and leading articles: They will not stand up to my machine guns. Don't preach at them; don't reason with them. Kill them.

—From *Major Barbara*, by Bernard Shaw.

The right exhaust horn has now arrived. The horn that is easy to attach and self-clearing; is operated without expense or bother and produces a characteristic, unobjectionable warning graduated to the speed of your car—mild when that is sufficient, far reaching when necessary—instantaneous in action, always effective.

WAYMAKER HORN

The Waymaker is right—

equal to any emergency, it solves the problem of automobile signaling. It is made in four sizes to fit all cars from the smallest up to the big "six cylinder."

Prices are (foot control) \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$9.00 each, including coupling, cable, pedal, etc., ready to attach. Hand control, from steering wheel, \$4.00 extra. Send for descriptive booklet M. Mention the car you run.

The Waymaker Horn is fully protected from infringement, and is meeting with the endorsement of the best trade everywhere. We can supply you through your dealer, or direct from our agencies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago.

Manufactured by

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

J. Ellwood Lee, President

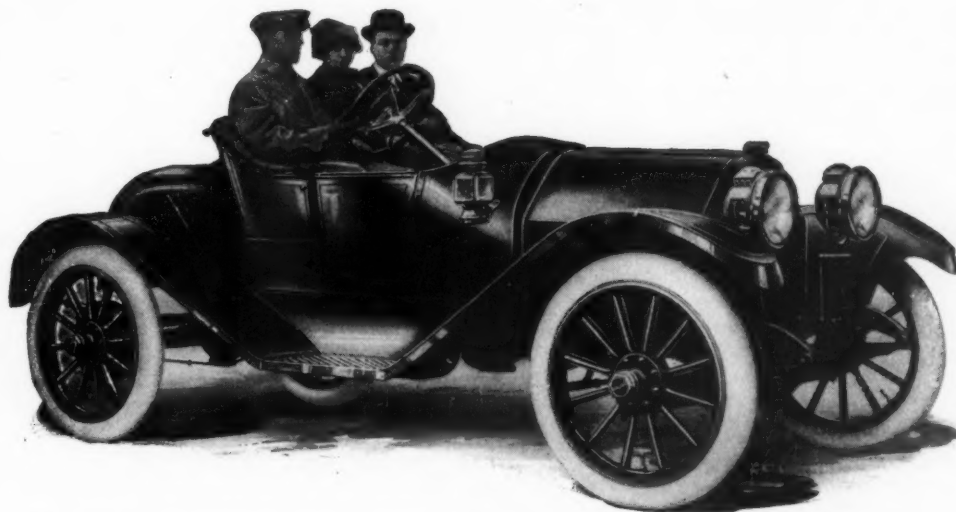


"Turns Miles into Smiles"

· LIFE ·

Oakland

"The Car with a Conscience"



Model "40" Sociable Roadster—\$1450. Seats three passengers comfortably in one seat

Inside control; motor $4\frac{1}{8}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-o-Lite tank; wheel base, 112"; tires, $34'' \times 4''$.

The Joy of Duty Well Performed

WHAT is how we feel about our 1912 line—satisfied that we have produced automobiles pre-eminent in their class. These cars are the product of years of work and are the composite of hundreds of trained scientific minds, voicing the views of dealers who best know the demands of purchasers. We started two years ago on this 1912 line—weeding out from many ideas—only the best—always advancing toward the ideal motor car.

The result: We present, now, the most distinctive line of motor cars on the market; cars of beauty, strength and graceful appearance. The models include touring cars, coupes, limousines, roadsters and runabouts, built on 30, 40 and 45 h.p. chassis, all seasoned by extensive factory and road tests.

Prices range from \$1200 to \$3000

See these cars, for they truthfully reflect every statement in this advertisement.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., 3600 Oakland Avenue, Pontiac, Mich.

New York Branch, 1600 Broadway

Established dealers are invited to make application for open territory.

Write for
2nd Edition Catalogue

The Discourses of Mrs. Epictetus

SECURING A HUSBAND

Having decided on the need (want) of a husband and made a wise selection, it becomes necessary to secure (catch) one. Imagine (persuade yourself) that you are beautiful, for what we think we are we seem to others.

Go then to the Aliptes (the oiler and rubber) and be massaged until your skin is like to satin. Your hair waved, with curled ends that may seem to escape of themselves from the pins. With essences of violet and hyacinth sprinkle your head and jauntily attach (join) puff clusters and curls.

And see to it that they agree in color and are made fast, so that they may not fall at his first touch. For disillusion is love's executioner. Robe yourself in the gown that hangs close without wrinkles and with much lace and ribbon showing through, with many small buttons fastening with loops.

These things make a man to wonder (guess) and while he guesses without knowing, his heart is easily touched and he will seek to become as a slave who will prove himself an expert hooker-up.

And meeting him, do not look him ever in the eye, even though he begs you to do so. Do not look, except quickly, into his coat collar, then down and sideways. Seem to be afraid of him.

If he takes (secures) your hand, seek to withdraw it gently (feebly) as though confused. To blush easily at this time is of good effect. Talk foolishly and ask him to explain baseball scores and tell of the games that he plays best.

Now the eyes should be opened wide with sighs of admiration as he tells of home runs and drop curves that he has made. Request him to tell truly if there is not much risk (danger) in such sports. Tremble much and remark his muscle.

In riding in motors and in cable cars take advantage of all sudden curves and skiddings. Clutch his arm and lean heavily on his shoulder, apologizing much. Tell him you are but a weak woman.

For so, often does a man propose without meaning to do so. Love is not directed by the brain. It is a fever that kindles without reason. Where there is reason (good sense), love is not.

It is a thrill that proceeds from the finger tips to the mind which it at once controls and becomes a fixed idea (obsession). It refuses to depart. It is a joy and yet a disturbance.

It makes the strong man weak, the serious man merry,



"MAY I COUNT UPON GETTING YOUR VOTE, MISS TEAKE?"

"OH! I SHAN'T BE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE FOR TWO YEARS YET."

To the Denatured Cocktail

(Dr. H. W. Wiley has placed a ban on the Maraschino cherry.—*Press Item.*)

How profitless and flat and stale existence now appears to me. My daily bracer might as well consist of pure, uncolored tea, since that which dwelt with you erstwhile, is gone—your most alluring wile. Now tell us pray, how can we smile, O fascinating Cocktail? What boots it that I still may quaff of liquors green or ruby red? Your amber fluid's ruddy sprite has had a swat upon the head. For he who routed benzoate of soda, now would relegate to that same

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fate

Your Maraschino cherry!

O. B. E.

the happy man sad, the brave a coward and the coward a lion.

Knowing these things proceed tactfully (cattishly) noting his symptoms, whether they are genuine (true). For when he sighs much and makes many vows he is often merely playing a game.

But when he endeavors to hide his interest in you and talks of other girls or says that he does not care for girls at all, then you must be on the alert.

Sit then upon the arm of his chair and light his cigar, letting the match burn your fingers, for this (before marriage) will make him grieve. Afterwards he will think you only clumsy. When he grieves over your hurts, he is easiest (most amenable).

And when you convince him that you are foolish to the verge of imbecility, you will have him landed and in the basket. For he will be sorry for your lack of sense and will wish to give you of his own wisdom.

If he comes with a flower in his coat, frown with sad eyes and let your lower lip tremble. Yes, even remove it and trample upon it and he will be pleased.

And when he is about have the telephone ring many times and speak in low, gurgling tones, with whisperings, saying when you will be home. And when you return to him say it is the manicure or the dressmaker or the laundress. For this will make him think (wonder) much.

Kate Masterson.

What Is a Congressman?

A Congressman is a man who is selected to make the laws. Congressmen are the most intelligent and broadminded men that our civilization can produce. Their first thought is for their constituents. They watch the needs of all classes of the community. Their wide knowledge and broad sympathy enables them immediately to adjust the laws to new conditions and to decide important public questions with neatness and dispatch.

What Is a Magnate?

A magnate is a most respected and influential man in the community. This is because he always has the interest of the public at heart. He engages in business for the sole purpose of benefitting the community. When he sees a chance to lower the prices of his products he does so. He cares nothing for dividends or interest or rent. He is humble, modest and gentle.

· LIFE ·

Locomobile



Locomobile Models for 1912

The "30"

Four Cylinders.
Five Passengers.
Touring Car, \$3500
Limousine, \$4600

The "38"

Six Cylinders.
Five Passengers.
Touring Car, \$4200
Limousine \$5550

The "48"

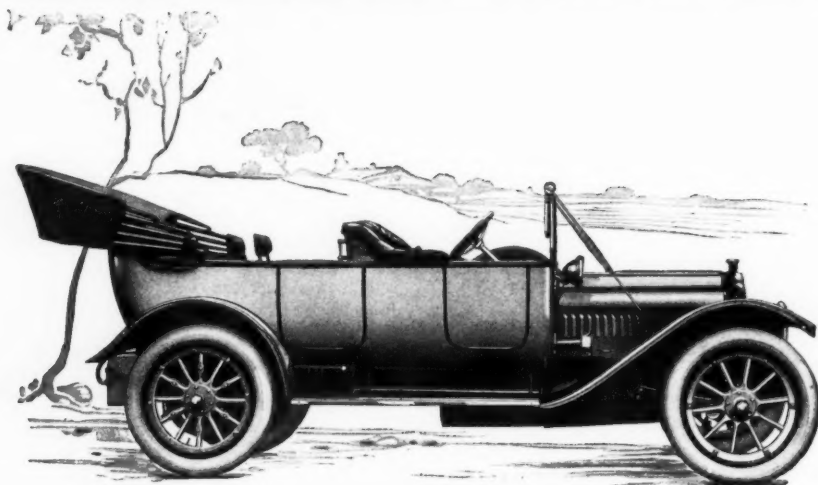
Six Cylinders.
Seven Passengers.
Touring Car, \$4800
Limousine, \$6050

New York
Chicago
Boston
Philadelphia

The Locomobile Company
of America
Bridgeport, Conn.

Washington
Atlanta
San Francisco
Oakland





Are You One Who's Wondered?

PERHAPS you are among the hundreds of automobile enthusiasts—owners, drivers or just “lookers on”—who have wondered what The White Company would do were it to produce a six-cylinder car. Probably you've come to have a splendid respect for any car The White Company might produce as you have watched their models year after year since the automobile industry began. Perhaps you are prejudiced, but it's such a splendid prejudice, reaching back over years of actual performance, during which the name of “White” stood as a bulwark for reliability and thorough building. If you had this curiosity, to-day we are ready to satisfy it—in a six-cylinder “White.”

It's hardly necessary to tell you the details of this car. The highest engineering authorities in the gasoline-engine world have reached very definite conclusions, and any car designed to-day would imitate closely the mechanical features of this six-cylinder “White.”

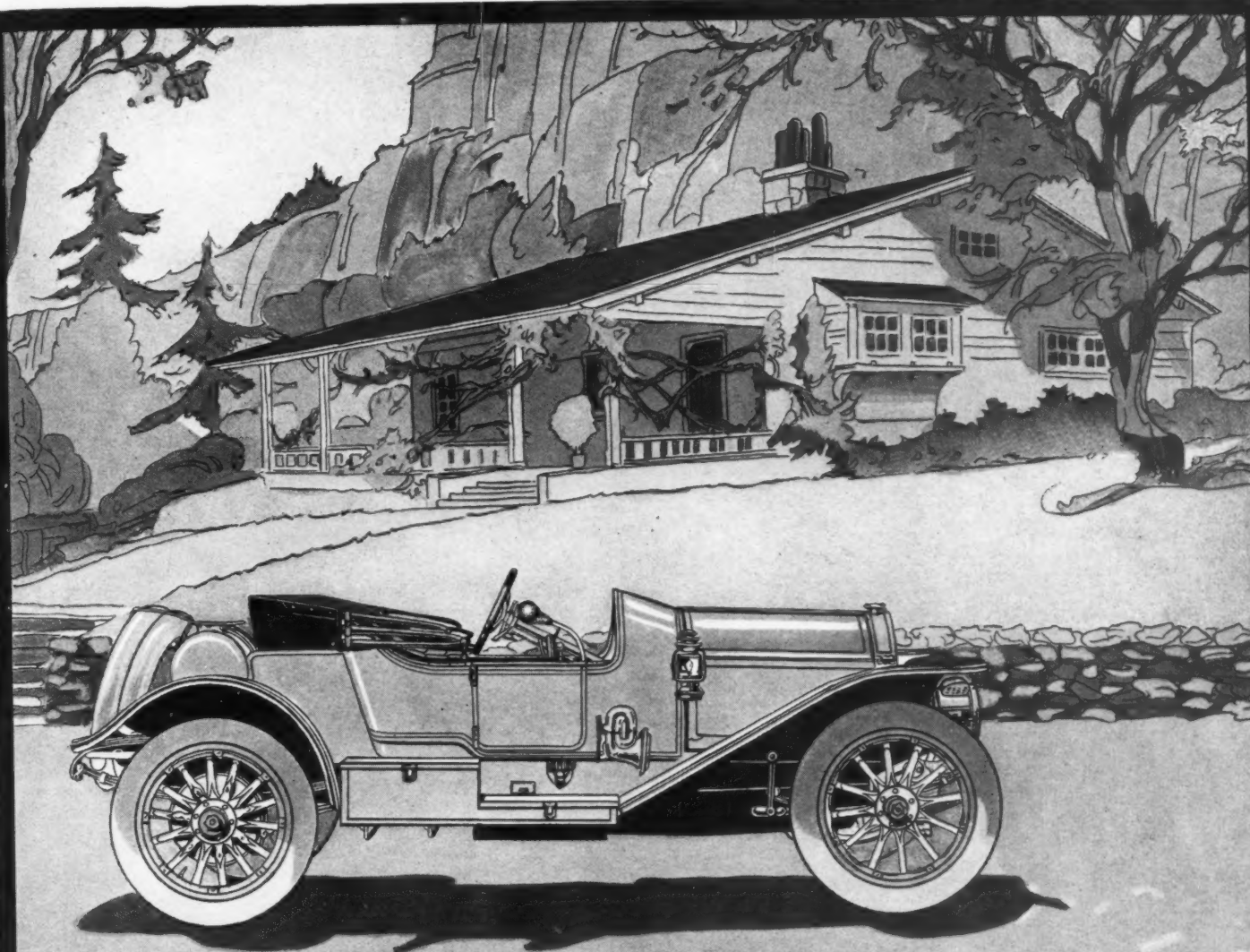
The Simplest “Six”—The White

OF course we take considerable pride in telling you that it's built on the same identical lines as our “30's” and “40's”—it has the same marvelous simplicity which tells more than any word description of ours—that practically total absence of the paraphernalia that litter most engines, especially the more powerful types. Regarding the details of finish, body lines and equipment. The White Company would not be outdone. This six-cylinder “60” White is all a car should be in these respects—possibly just a little more—because it has the advantage of being produced to-day instead of yesterday. Built as we like to build motor cars, there is only a limited number of these cars to be produced this season. They're going pretty rapidly, order after order having been filled without even a photograph, a blue-print or a car to show. This isn't a cry of “wolf,” but just a plain statement to our friends—to those who want this highest expression of an automobile as interpreted by the great White factory. We would not disappoint you if we could help it—you can help it by getting your appointment for a demonstration early.

Appointments for demonstrations in all principal cities on or after January first.

The White  Company

852 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



Stoddard-Dayton Saybrook

None can go further, none faster—none ride with greater ease and comfort—and none have ever given better service. No finer car for two people was ever designed than this Compartment Roadster. Pull forward the back of the seats and there are your two suit cases, and their contents unsoiled by water or dust. Extra room in body means more than comfort. This style of body is mounted on three chasses; the "Silent Knight," \$4900; the "Saybrook," \$2700 and the "Savoy," \$1350.

Write for Complete Catalog.

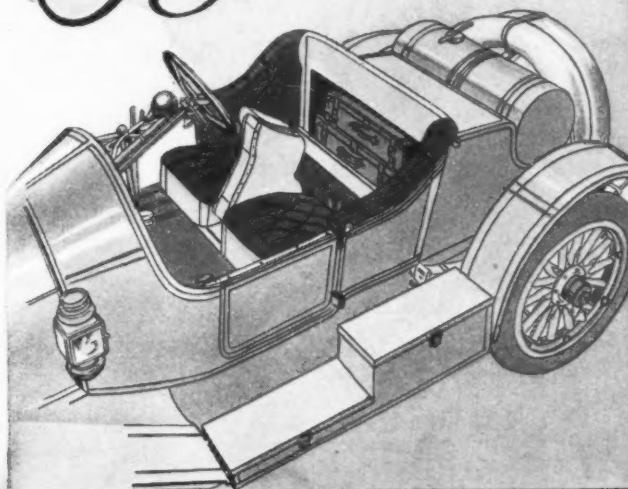


DAYTON MOTOR CAR CO.

Division of **UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY**

17 West 61st Street

New York

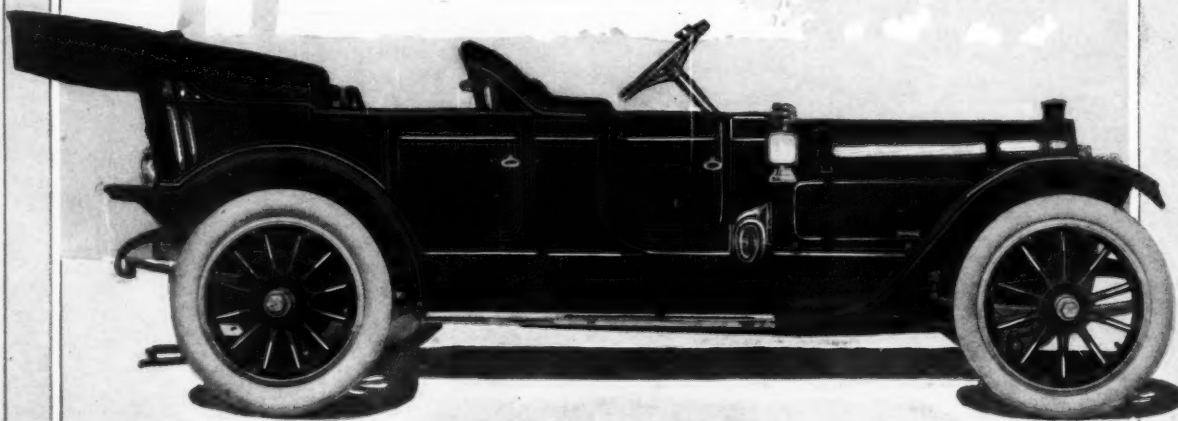


· LIFE ·

POPE QUALITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED

*After you have satisfied
yourself that the*
POPE-HARTFORD

*Has no superior
in any feature*



Consider the price

Four cylinder 50 horse-power \$3000 (with catalogue equipments) Six cylinder 60 horse-power \$4000

Seven passenger touring body on 6 cylinder chassis shown above

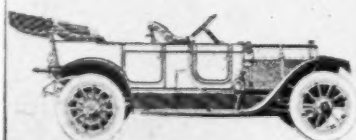
PLEASURE VEHICLES (Nine body styles on 4 cylinder chassis.)
(Eight body styles on 6 cylinder chassis.)

THREE TON TRUCKS

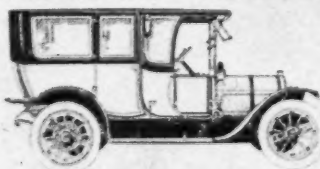
PUBLIC SERVICE WAGONS

Catalogues on request
(Specify the one desired)

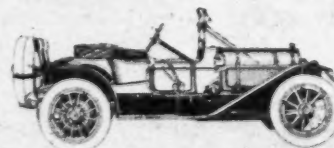
THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.



Five passenger Touring Body
on 4 cylinder chassis.



Limousine with front doors and
Cab sides on 4 cylinder chassis.



Front door Roadster Body
on 4 cylinder chassis.

34 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HIGHEST GRADE MECHANICAL VEHICLES

Fisk Tires

"Long Life
with
No Expense"



By Miles the Best

An illustration of a *Fisk Heavy Car Type Tire* which has been used under reasonable conditions is shown herewith.

This tire has given every last bit of mileage that it was built to give; like the "deacon's one-horse shay" it has held together until the maximum amount of service has been obtained.

A tire is like a chain, in that to be strong there must be no weak part. *Fisk Tires show uniform strength.*

Such well balanced construction means full service without additional expense for repairs and re-treads.

It means the greatest possible resistance against punctures.

It explains why for the last year *Fisk Heavy Car Type Construction Tires* have averaged 25% more mileage than all others.

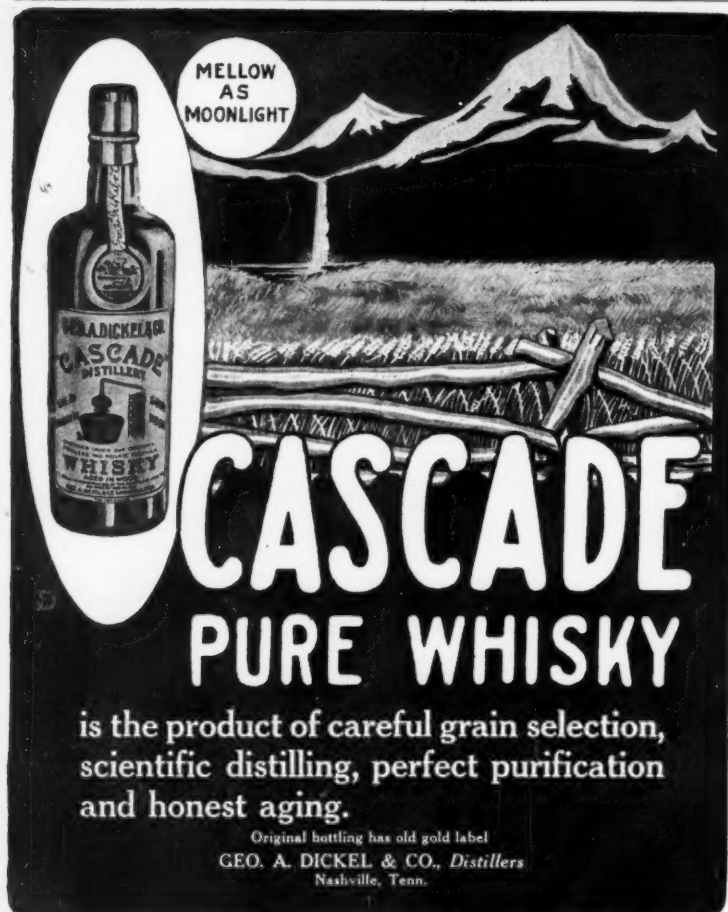
Styles: Clincher, Q. D. Clincher,
Fisk-Dunlop, Fisk Bolted-On.

The Fisk Rubber Co.

Department S

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Direct Factory Branches in 30 Cities



MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

CASCADE
PURE WHISKY

is the product of careful grain selection,
scientific distilling, perfect purification
and honest aging.

Original bottling has old gold label
GEO. A. DICKEL & CO., Distillers
Nashville, Tenn.

From George I. to George V.



MARTELL'S BRANDY

has known but One Quality---
The Best

BLUE AND SILVER LABEL

Messrs. Martell & Co. have been appointed
to supply Brandy to the House of Lords

HOUSE EST. 1715

Sole Agents:
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York

The Man with the Dough

(Confessing a certain indebtedness to both Millet and Markham)

Bowed by the weight of watered stocks he leans
Upon his foe and gazes on the hound,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the best clothes in the world.
Who made him dead to pleading and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never blinks,
Measly and mean, a brother to the fox?
Who loosened and pushed out his grasping paw?
Whose were the words that slanted back his brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have first-mortgage on the land and sea;
To buy the stars and search the heavens for more;
To feel inclined to buy Eternity?
Is this the one who dreamed he owned the suns
And placed "For Rent" upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of U. S. to its Gulf
There is no gold more powerful than his—
More slammed with censure by a world in need—
More cursed with oaths so harmful to the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What fights between him and the common herd!
Holding the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Mitchell and the threats of Gompers's clan?
What the long reaches of the queens of song,
A two-plunk seat, or e'en a dime cigar?
On his large shape the suffering millions look;
Time's tragedy is in his awful scoop;
Through his vast greed humanity dismayed,
Plundered, cast-off, and disinherited,
Cries protest through the Socialists they know,
A protest that is merely tommyrot.

O Senate, House and Bosses in all States
Is this the plutocrat you think should live,
This mammoth pig thus roasted and muck-raked?
How will you straighten up his hated name;
Toast him again in bottles he has bought;
Give back the colleges his wad supplied;
Rebuild the library that meant his check;
Make right the immemorial petty grafts,
Perfidious votes, immeasurable wires?

O Senate, House and Bosses in all States,
How will the Congress reckon with this Man?
How manage his shrewd lobby in that hour
When Interstate Commissions break their sleep?
How will it be with grafters and with graft—
With those who put him in the shape he is—
When this shy rascal shall be called to court
After the silence that he thought would last?

Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

· LIFE ·

Buick

Motor Cars

Every *Buick* is a *Buick*

Through and Through

Much has been said by automobile manufacturers about the greatness of their factories, but few people realize that the greatest of them all is the BUICK PLANT.

The reason why it has not been necessary to exploit it, has been the ever-increasing quality-value of Buick Cars. For seven years they have been known as the "un-advertised" Cars—the Cars which have sold on merit alone. Now that the Buick organization and constructive facilities have been so vastly strengthened, it seems only right that all who are interested in automobiles should know all about Buick Cars, the Buick Plant and the Buick Organization.

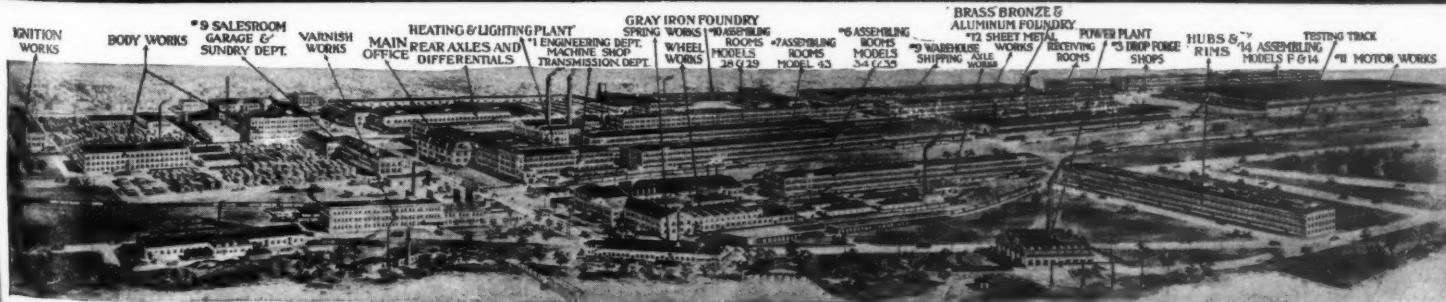
Every Buick is a Buick through and through. Practically every part is made at this great Buick Plant. In fact, everything excepting lamps, carburetors, coils and magnetos. The Buick organization is a unit which represents the highest degree of efficiency in Motor Car production. That is why the Buick not only maintains its world-wide reputation for great power, but has combined with it the stability of every part to support this power. And yet so perfect is the harmony of all operating parts that, with all its power, the Buick is one of the most **silent running cars** made.

The position of honor at the Madison Square Garden Show, allotted according to the value of the annual output, has been awarded this year as in previous years, to the Buick. Look for the Buick at Space 14.

Five Models, at prices fixed according to power and size—\$850, \$1000, \$1075, \$1250, \$1800. One-Ton Buick Truck \$1000

Catalogue showing the various Models and dealers' names sent on request

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, Flint, Mich.



This is not the City of Flint, but an actual bird's-eye view of the great Buick factories. The largest automobile plant in the world



Life for the Coming Year

*I*T would be impossible, O critical, cosmopolitan and constantly increasing gentle reader, to give you an exact idea of the things which LIFE will present to you during the year to come; but from the vast collection, we may mention a few.

LIFE expects to elect a president who will be entirely satisfactory to everyone. In case, however, he should afterwards fail in any particular, we will inform you of the fact.

LIFE will place before his readers each week the work of more leading artists than any other paper in the world. Every number will contain from forty to fifty original pictures.

LIFE'S literary search-light will, as heretofore, continue to illuminate all the dark places.

Every week LIFE will be issued in a unique colored cover.

The special numbers will add to the joy of nations. Among others may be mentioned the Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Pacific Coast, Sunny South and Spendthrift's.

Life without LIFE is lifeless.

LIFE will continue to lead the Woman Suffrage movement as heretofore. Also the fashions.

Being strictly independent, artistic, literary, philosophic, humorous, and in fact, all of the things which you know LIFE is, can you now, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in your subscription?

LIFE is on sale everywhere, every Tuesday throughout the year, on all news-stands, for ten cents.

Obey That Impulse

And begin the New Year right by availing yourself of LIFE'S Special Offer, three months for One Dollar. See Coupon attached.

Subscription \$5.00
Canadian \$5.52
Foreign \$6.04

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26). Send
LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription
renewed at this rate. This offer is not.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York



Announcing the Defender

A new five passenger Oldsmobile

We have been well aware of the demand for a smaller Oldsmobile than the Autocrat; a five-passenger touring, with proportionately less horse power—but a car of Oldsmobile quality throughout. The Defender is ready to fulfill this demand.

For many months the first Defenders built have been tried out over all kinds of roads, good and bad, day after day. We delayed announcement and deliveries until the car was pronounced "perfection," not only by our mechanical staff, but by every officer and department head.

The Defender is a very handsome, four-cylinder 35 H.P. car of moderate weight. It is roomy, low-hung, luxuriously comfortable and worthy in every particular of the name Oldsmobile.

A glance at some of the specifications will show the mechanical reasons for its exceptional motor efficiency and its easy riding qualities.

4-cylinder, T-head, long-stroke motor; Bore 4 in., Stroke 6 in.
Dual Ignition System.
4-Speed Transmission; of Chrome Vanadium steel; ball bearings throughout.
Double drop frame of nickel steel.
Straight line drive; shaft enclosed in torsion tube.
Long, easy-acting springs; $\frac{1}{4}$ elliptic over rear axle.
Shock absorbers of standard type both front and rear.
Improved Bolted-on Demountable Rims.
36 x 4 in. Tires on open models.
34 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on Coupe.

Five-passenger Touring, four-passenger Tourabout, two-passenger Roadster and three-passenger Coupé bodies of latest design. Ventilators in fore-doors, opened or closed by a touch.

Nickel and Black Enamel finish on metal parts.

Top and Top Boot; wind shield, speedometer; electric and oil side and rear lights; automatic lighter, for headlights, operated from driver's seat; Prest-O-Lite tank and a number of conveniences found only in the most expensive cars, are included as regular equipment.

It should be understood that the Defender is not a "cheaper" Oldsmobile. It is of precisely the same high quality in materials, workmanship, finish and equipment as our \$3500 and \$5000 cars. It is not a successor to the Autocrat or Limited; it is their younger brother. The type shown above costs \$3000, completely equipped. It will satisfy the man who is willing to pay enough to get the very best.

Further particulars and illustrations on request.

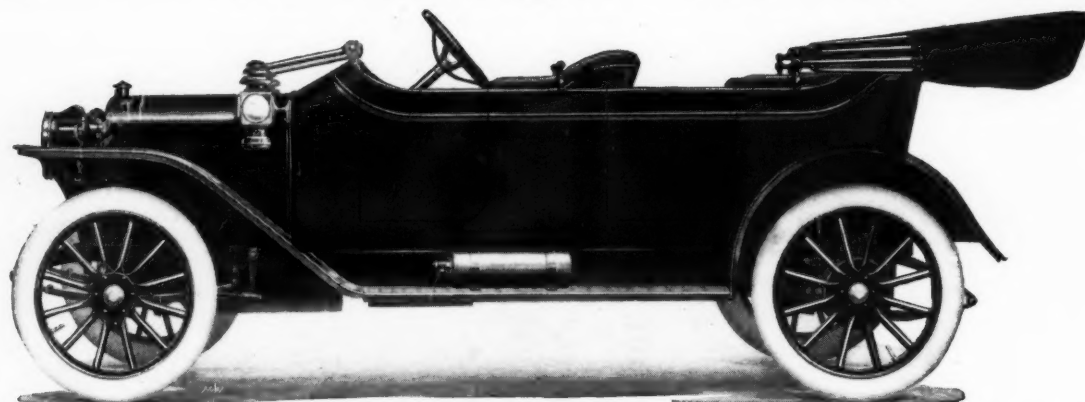
OLDS MOTOR WORKS

LANSING, MICHIGAN



· LIFE ·

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" 5-Passenger Touring Car



\$850

F. O. B. Detroit

Fully equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, 2 gas lamps, 3 oil lamps, generator, horn, tools and tire repair kit---long stroke motor---three speeds---enclosed valves---Bosch Magneto.

Forget the Price-Tag---and you'd say \$1800

"Seeing is believing" in buying automobiles as in other things. We can't tell you a hundredth part about the R-C-H in a magazine advertisement. But we do want you to note the specifications of the car, then examine and test it for yourself, then compare it point for point with any car you have in mind up to \$1800---or more. Will you do it?

First note the beauty of the car---the class displayed in every line of it.

Note the sound construction---123 drop forgings, chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle, high-carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness. We couldn't have built better for a \$5,000 car.

The long-stroke motor (3 1/4 x 5) develops exceptional power and speed. The springs---full elliptic rear and semi-elliptic front---insure easy riding. You'll see dozens of other specially good features about the R-C-H.

Give us your judgment on the car---that's all we ask.

CANADIAN PRICES

R-C-H 2-passenger roadster, \$850; equipped for 4 passengers, \$925.

DEALERS: Applications for R-C-H territory are coming in by wire, phone, special delivery and in person every day. Send in yours---maybe your territory is open.

R. C. HUPP, Manufacturer, 110 LYCASTE STREET DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DISTINCT FROM AND HAVING NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH HUPP MOTOR CAR CO.

BRANCHES. Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2515 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1520 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 1301 Main St.; Los Angeles, 816 So. Olive St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 No. Broad St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.

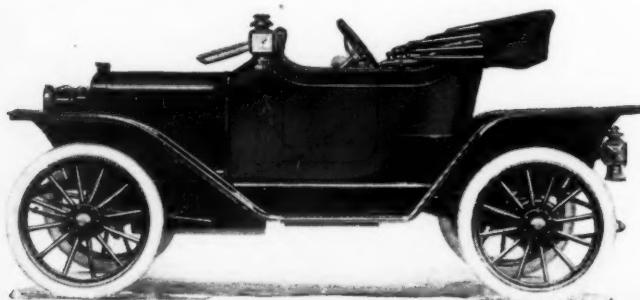
R-C-H "Twenty-Five" ENGLISH BODY ROADSTER

\$700 Fully equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator---long stroke motor---three speeds---enclosed valves---Bosch magneto.

F. O. B. Detroit

The ideal car for five large classes of the public. (A)---The business or professional man. (B)---The farmer. (C)---The salesman. (D)---The pleasure car owner with small or no family. (E)---The large-car owner who needs a smaller car, economical in up-keep for day-to-day motoring uses.

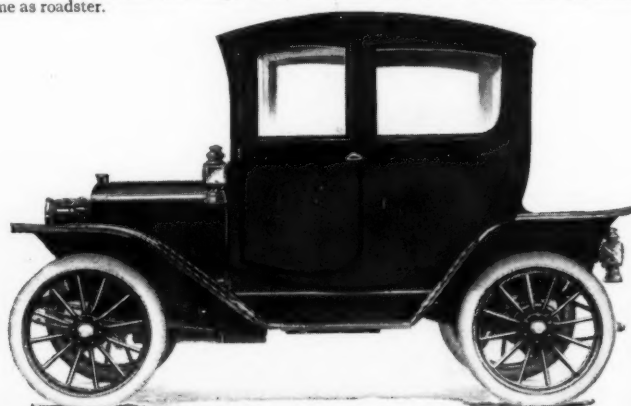
SPECIFICATIONS: Tires 30 x 3 inches; wheel base 86 inches; other specifications same as touring car. Equipped for four passengers, \$750.



R-C-H, \$1050 F. O. B. Detroit "Twenty-Five" COLONIAL COUPE

All the comfort, service and beauty you can desire in a closed car.

SPECIFICATIONS: Enclosed body; concealed hinges; drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric head lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit. Other specifications same as roadster.





WITH what feelings of satisfaction and contentment are the Holiday visits accompanied? At no other time of the year does the geniality of the people manifest itself in more pleasing forms.

At no time does a brisk ride through the keen, bracing air—to the ruddy warmth of your friends' or family's fireside seem more satisfying,—especially in a large, luxurious touring car like the Abbott-Detroit "44."

To such a form of contentment the Abbott-Detroit lends itself a willing and tireless servant—a creator of happiness unequalled.

It is not too large nor yet too small—not costly, yet possessed of everything in size, quality and character which taste and a critical judgment demands.

Abbott-Detroit "44"

4½-in. x 5½-in. long stroke Continental Motor. Dual Ignition System with Magneto. Gray & Davis nickel-plated Bullet Electric Headlights, combination Oil and Electric Side and Tail Lights—Tungsten Lamps, 180 ampere hour Lighting Battery—body of lamps black enamel with nickel-plated trimmings. Horn and Tools. Tires, 36-in. x 4-in. Demountable Rims. Three-speed Transmission and Dry Multiple Disc Clutch. Two-pedal Control, Clutch and Brake. Wheel Base, 120 inches. Ventilated Fore-door bodies.

Seven-passenger, Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, (less Top, Windshield, Speedometer, and Auxiliary Seats) \$1800
Fore-door Demi-Tonneau, fully equipped (less Top, Windshield, and Speedometer) \$1775
Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped \$3000

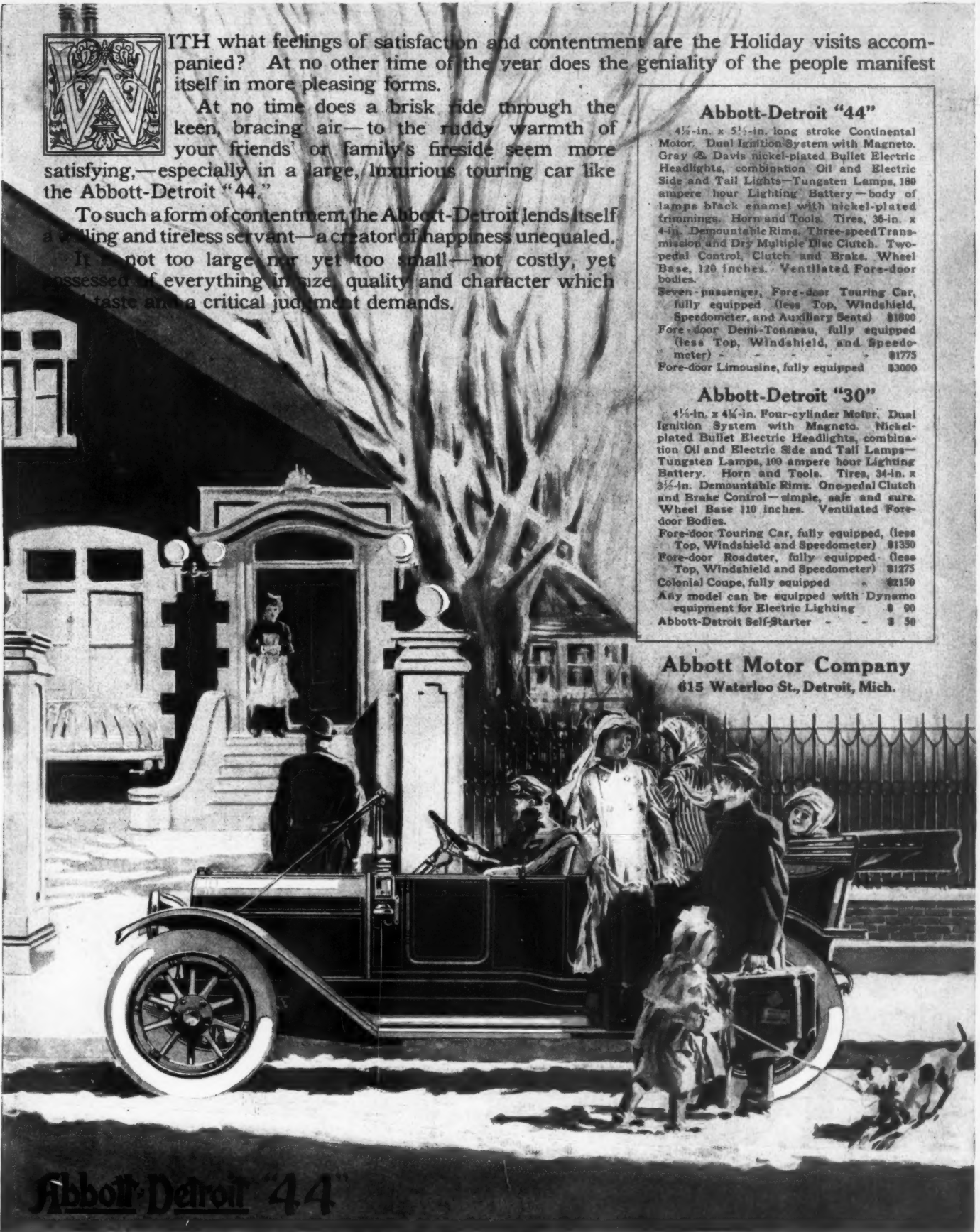
Abbott-Detroit "30"

4½-in. x 4¼-in. Four-cylinder Motor. Dual Ignition System with Magneto. Nickel-plated Bullet Electric Headlights, combination Oil and Electric Side and Tail Lamps—Tungsten Lamps, 100 ampere hour Lighting Battery. Horn and Tools. Tires, 34-in. x 3½-in. Demountable Rims. One-pedal Clutch and Brake Control—simple, safe and sure. Wheel Base 110 inches. Ventilated Fore-door Bodies.

Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, (less Top, Windshield and Speedometer) \$1390
Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, (less Top, Windshield and Speedometer) \$1275
Colonial Coupe, fully equipped \$2150
Any model can be equipped with Dynamo equipment for Electric Lighting \$ 90
Abbott-Detroit Self-Starter - - \$ 50

Abbott Motor Company

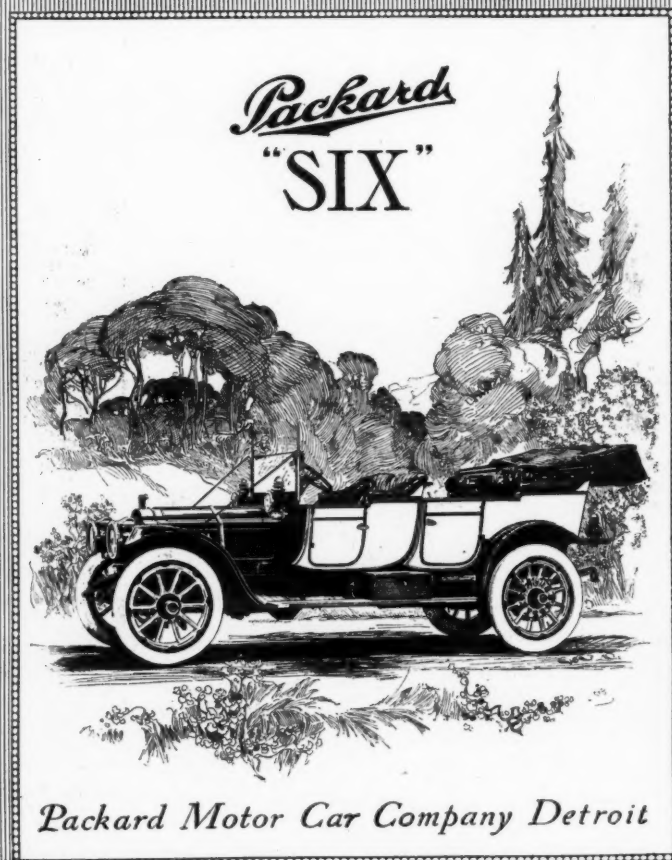
615 Waterloo St., Detroit, Mich.



Abbott-Detroit "44"

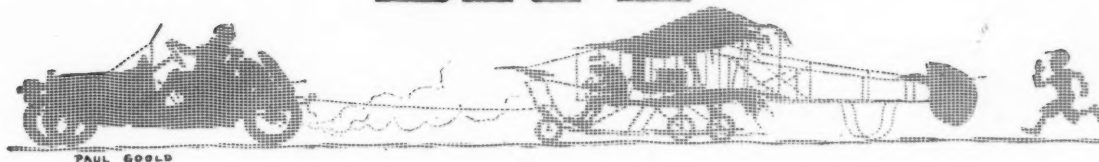
· LIFE ·

D O M I N A N T



Ask the man who owns one

LIFE



PAUL GOULD



PUZZLE PICTURE

FIND THE MAN WHO SUGGESTED A SHORT CUT

1912

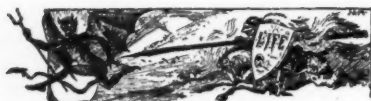
GOOD morning, 1912. So you are here at last! Well, better late than never! You have certainly been a long time coming. Much longer than the four digits in your name would indicate. But no matter. There is nothing in a name.

Now get to work at once! There is a lot of work to be done. The task of the greatest traditional importance is to elect a President. We pity you in this job. Things have got into a terrible muddle and the Presidential timber is unusually poor.

There are other things. There is unrest to quiet down.

There is an increased number of Socialists to assimilate. There are suffragists to demilitantize. There are magazines to make interesting. There are important baseball championships to be decided. There are bankers to be reformed. There are crops to be moved. There are magnates to be interviewed upon the state of the country. There are parodies of Kipling and Omar Khayyam to be written. There are fashions to be fixed. There are important grafts to be put through. In short, there is as much to do as ever before, if not more.

You have a great opportunity, 1912. There is plenty of room and no competition. But be careful. Look before you leap, year.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIV. JANUARY 4, 1912. No. 1523

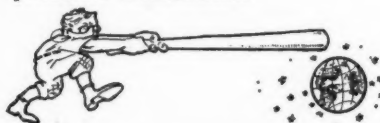
Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



THE New Year begins with June 18 set as the date of the Republican National Convention and an interesting group of candidates awaiting that day, and whatever date the Democrats may fix upon. It is still probable, but by no means sure, that the Republicans will invite Mr. Taft to make the effort to succeed himself. Recent comment has dwelt more on the defects, obvious enough, in Mr. Taft's presidential equipment than on his great merits. Yet in the next five months there will probably be many who will reflect that while Mr. Taft has made plenty of political mistakes which were damaging to his reputation as a party leader, he has made very few which were damaging to the country. Even now his record on the tariff is incomplete and may be mended somewhat before June. Some persons consider that he has enforced the Sherman law too much; others too little; but few hold him responsible for that law as it stands, or for not compelling, or at least advising, a substitute for it. That he could not well do. Yet if he runs again he seems quite likely to be beaten. If he doesn't run, who will?

Hardly Mr. La Follette, or Mr. Cummins. The former has too many hearty antagonists. The latter seems not to weigh quite heavy enough on the political scales. Perhaps, if the Republicans, when they come in June to the point of decision, consider Mr. Taft's candidacy hopeless, they will sort out of their nursery some man not yet considered, and not ostentatiously allied with either of the divisions in their party. There are other such men besides Justice Hughes, but it would be mean to drag any of them out of

the grateful shade of their present retirement and present their qualities for premature consideration.



THEN, of course, there is Colonel Roosevelt. As befits a Contributing Editor, he has been active of late in consideration of political questions, and, of course, everyone who wants to, sees in him an adroit angler for the nomination if it looks good to him when the time comes. There are several ways in which he could avoid this appearance. He might contrive for himself an aeroplane accident which would eliminate him from the list of candidates. Possibly he might announce his determination not to run with an accompaniment of such convincing execrations that it would be accepted. General Sherman once did that, but he was differently situated from the Colonel and had a different gift of language. Colonel Roosevelt has already once announced his purpose not to be President again. He may change his mind, but if not, a second self-denying announcement would be quite as likely to weaken the first as to strengthen it. Probably, being still young and in good enjoyment of life, he dislikes to keep taking himself off and inciting the ceremonies due to a political corpse, so he may have to remain in some men's minds as a Republican who may be nominated in June.



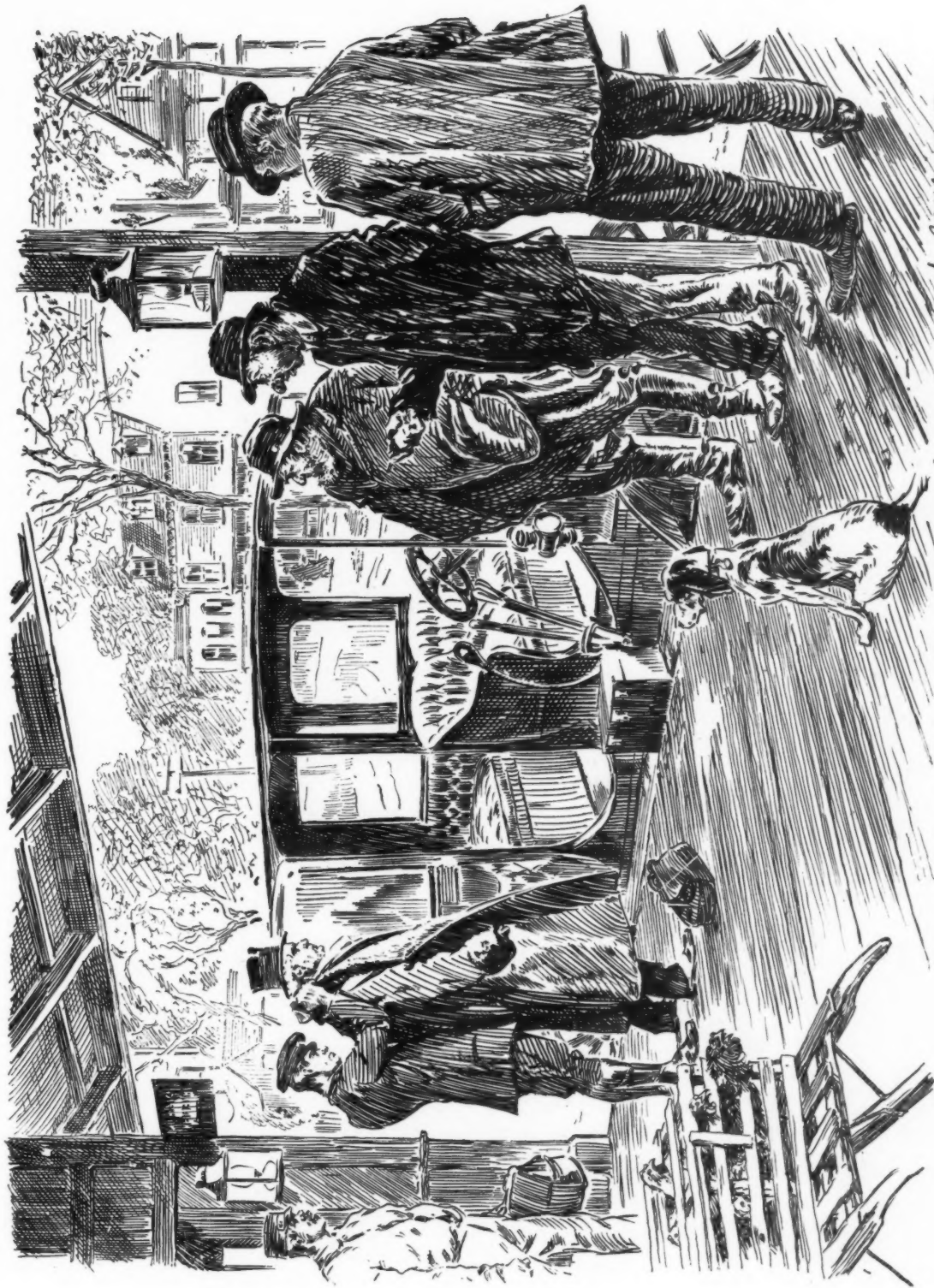
AS for the Democrats, it seems quite likely that they will put forward the best man they can find. Enthusiasm seems to have made room for sagacity in the Democratic counsels. Governor Harmon is an excellent man, older than a beginning President ought to be, but very sound; objectionable, to be sure, to Mr. Bryan, but a trustworthy, seasoned man, and particularly suitable if the Republicans should only nominate La Follette. In the public mind Governor Harmon figures as a man not under suspicion of having revolution up his sleeve, and therefore a conservative. He would probably run

better against a radical than against a man like Mr. Taft, more like himself. A good many worthy people would hope to get their natural rest with Governor Harmon in the White House.

Mr. Oscar Underwood seems quite likely to be the Democratic candidate some time on his merits as a statesman. As the Democratic leader in the House, he has made a reputation for his party. He is able, sagacious and patient; of an even temper; a godsend to the Democrats. That he comes from Alabama should not make him a worse candidate, for he is a modern, Union-born Southerner, without any sectional sympathies that would make him less useful to one part of the country than to another. But Mr. Underwood is mighty useful where he is, and does not seem likely to be moved from his present employment.

The other leading Democratic candidate is Governor Wilson. All the prudent citizens of this town sit up to denounce him. He is like the Sherman law, in that he contains an area of uncertainty. Nobody seems to be quite sure what he might do if he got to the White House. Even William Bryan is not sure that he does not deserve his support.

Now there are some advantages in these doubts that Governor Wilson inspires. If "Wall Street" was sure he was "just the man," that, of course, would mean a candidacy still-born. If Bryan was satisfied that he was the only real man in sight, that would be disturbing, but Bryan has a school-houseful of candidates that he likes just as well as Wilson. It is quite possible that no Democrat could be elected whose deportment in the White House could be accurately predicted. Yet Governor Wilson has not hesitated to expose his mind, and as many of his political views as were in shape for exhibition. He has come very lately into politics from the academic shades, and some of his political ideas have had to be brought up to date, and others he has had to think over. But he has disclosed many, and has been judged sometimes on passages in speeches which may have conveyed imperfectly the opinions by which he will finally stand. But he is a good man, very able and trained in sound ideas of economics.



J. CONACHER

"ONE O' THE BIGGEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY? WHOT? HIM? SHUCKS! NO. WHY, HIM AN' ME WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER."

The Automobile Speaks

Read at the Automobile Club Dinner in New York, December 20th, 1911.

By E. S. Martin.

JUST look at me! Just look at me!
I am the motor car. Just see!
I own the road. I've got the whole
Rolled earth just where it minds my pull.
The boldest, biggest, big thing yet,
I'm here to stay. You won't forget.

The horse, poor thing, I've done him up.
The farmers use him. Like a pup,
Some folks still keep him for a pet—
He is a pretty creature yet—
But when it comes to being hauled,
Four legs don't go. That hand is called.

They say war's going by the board,
As arbitration brings accord,
But while it lasts look out for me,
For my long suit's celerity.
In war be prompt! My tires may burst.
But still I'm apt to get there first.

In peace—that's nearly all the time—
I'm great beyond the scope of rhyme.
Commodious, docile, swift and clean,
I fare on frugal gasoline.
I'm never scared, and fast or slow,
I never eat unless I go.

They say I have no style. They may!
What's style to me! I don't eat hay,
Nor prance. Lugs have for me no lure.
No powdered wig on my chauffeur!
Plain goods, I glide where pride is rife,
The herald of the simpler life.

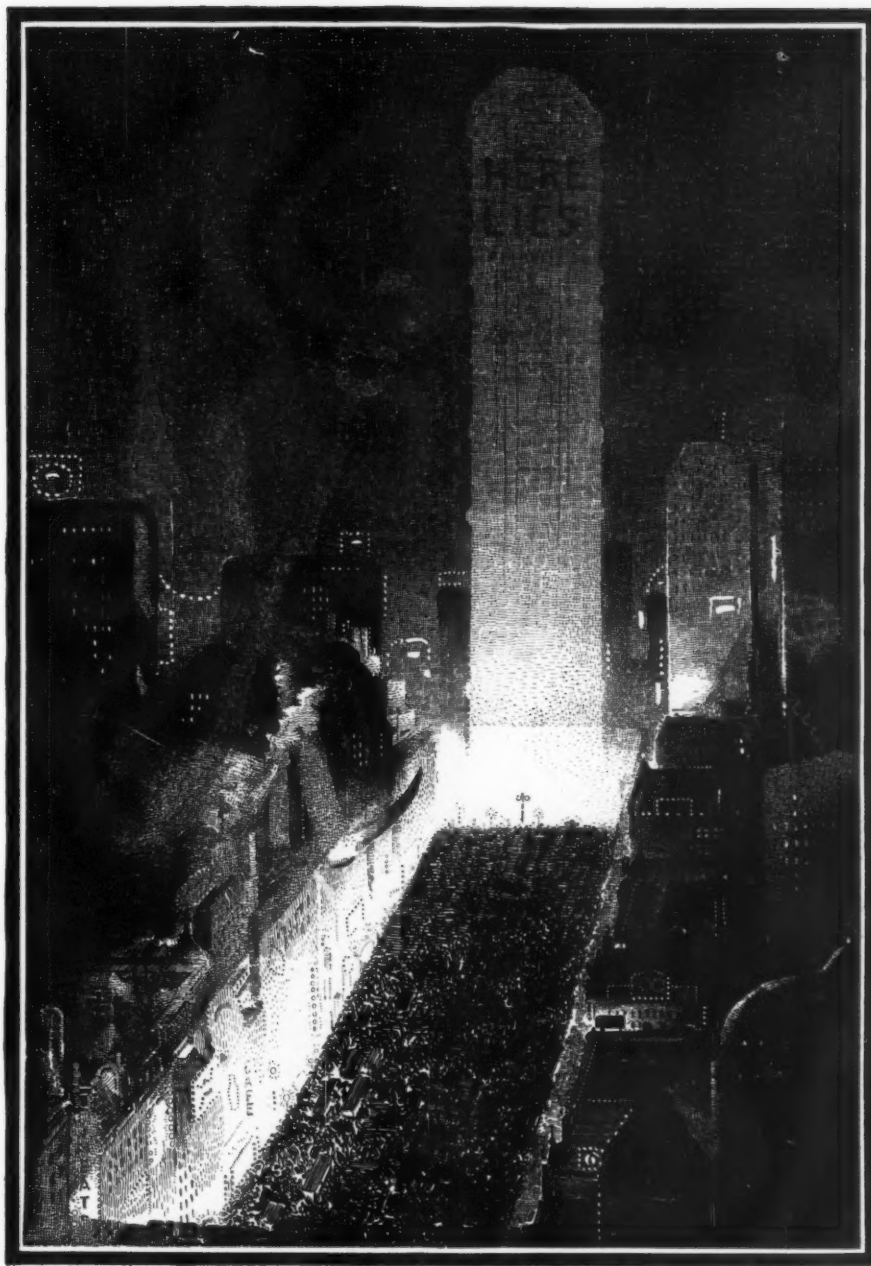
Efficiency's what I admire.
I haul the engines to the fire,
To hospital the injured wight,
To school the child. By day or night
I'm there, and ready. Whirl my crank,
I'm off as steady as a bank.

The roads I've built, go out and see!
They do come high, but that must be.
They're worth it. They and I contrive
Enlargement for the human hive,
Connecting life with where there's room.
My! How we've made the country boom!

I know some folks still get along
Without me. Well, that's not all wrong.
Trolley's must live and shoe men, too;
There's work for all of us to do.
They say I'm dear, but that's not so.
I'm cheap, if you can raise the dough.

Go out and look! Where do you spy
A better money's worth than I?
I'm a new want, and wants compete
For what men get. Without conceit,
I'm not afraid to make a pass
At any want that's in my class.

For see, I'm not a thing at all,
But that which qualifies them all.
I'm time, I'm space, I'm power, I'm health,
And country air and urban wealth,
Vision, and sport, and rest from strife—
A length spliced on the span of life.



MANHATTAN - 1927.

THE GAY WHITE WAY
AS IT LOOKS TO ONE WHO HAS FAILED



"THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH"

The New Aura Era

OWING to the intervention of colored glass, a scientific man has at last been able to locate the aura, so that it can be seen by any intelligent human being, who is sober and respectable, and lives at home with his parents and moves in good society.

The aura is a sort of illuminated fog which envelops a person, no matter what clothes he may be wearing. If it bulges out in certain places, it means trouble of a particular kind, according to the location; thus, by means of careful observations, we shall in time be able to place the race on a new footing. The moment any aura is noticed bulging out it can be removed and ironed out smooth.

The aura has long been known to a select few. Those of us who are possessed of second sight have often observed it in others, and have frequently been annoyed by its presence as it hangs idly about some one to whom we have taken a violent dislike.

All auras, however, are not distasteful. The writer has personally

known an aura belonging to a beautiful young girl with golden hair, that he has often longed to lay his hands on and sway back and forth as it gently, although somewhat impalpably, reposes in his arms.

Some auras must be seen to be appreciated; and, above all things, we

should never judge any aura hastily; it is easily possible to misunderstand an aura and to hurt its feelings. Staring rudely at any aura you may see, especially if it belongs to a lady, is not good form.

Auras differ greatly, according to locality. For example, a St. Louis aura is not the same as a Brooklyn aura, while a Boston aura differs radically from either. If you should see a Boston aura coming, walk right up to it bravely and slap it on the back, first putting on your fur-lined gloves.

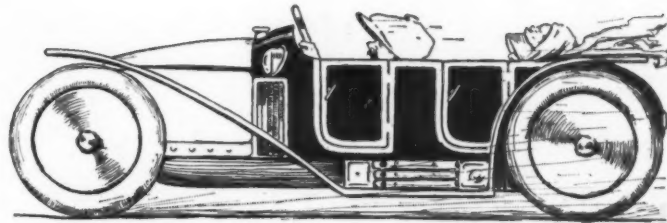
With regard to your own aura, you should learn how to take care of it, so that it will last and not go back on you at some critical moment in your career, when you need it most. Many people's troubles are due to the fact that they are careless and indifferent toward their auras and leave them lying about.

Always fold your aura up neatly at night before going to bed, and put it in a safe place, where you will be sure to remember it in the morning.

It is very disagreeable to leave your aura behind you for the baby to play with, or for some total stranger to ap-



The Ghost: THAT'S QUEER. NEVER SAW A PIECE OF CELERY IN MY WHOLE LIFE!



E. B. KIMBLE.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

1901—SPEED 10 MILES AN HOUR
"NOW DO BE CAREFUL, FRED. YOU'RE SCORCHING."

1912—SPEED 50 MILES AN HOUR
"WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN? CAN'T YOU GO A LITTLE FASTER?"

A Tract for Autos

COME, all you little Runabouts
And gather round my Knee;
I'll tell you of a Touring Car
As bad as bad could be:

It worked its Klaxon overtime
To make a Horrid Noise
And thought it Fun to muss up Hens
And little Girls and Boys.

It used to blow its Tires out
To hear its Owner swear,
And loved to balk on Trolley Tracks
To give his Friends a Scare.

At last this naughty Touring Car
Got drunk on Too Much Oil,
And went a-boiling up the Road
As hard as it could boil,

And went a-plunging, tumbling down
A dreadful, dark Ravine;
And there it burns and burns and burns
In Smelly Gasoline!

Another little Touring Car
Was very, very good;
It always minded Brake and Wheel,
And never splashed its Hood.

It wouldn't skid, nor anger Folks,
By giving them a Shove,
But cooed as gently through its Horn
As any Sucking Dove.

It never grew Unmannerly
To Market-Cart or Dray,
But whispered "Please," and "Thank
you, Sir!"
To those that blocked its Way.

It never scattered Bolts and Plugs
About the Countryside,
But did its Level Best to be
Its Owner's Joy and Pride.

So, when 'twas Time to yield its Place
To Models fresh and new,
This lovely little Touring Car
Developed Planes and flew!

Arthur Guiterman.

Cause for Gloom

"WHY do you look so downhearted
this morning? Thought you
made a thousand dollars yesterday in
Wall Street?"

"I did, but my wife lost two thou-
sand at bridge."



Anderson

WHO CARES?

propriate; you can always tell a per-
son who has forgotten his aura in the
morning; he walks about in an aimless
manner and often fails to recognize
his friends; he will even borrow
money from you—if he can.

Once a week give your aura a thor-
ough brushing and shake it in the open
air. It should also be scoured occa-
sionally with soap and water and
polished with silver polish. If it be-
comes worn in spots, massage it freely
until the old health glow comes back.

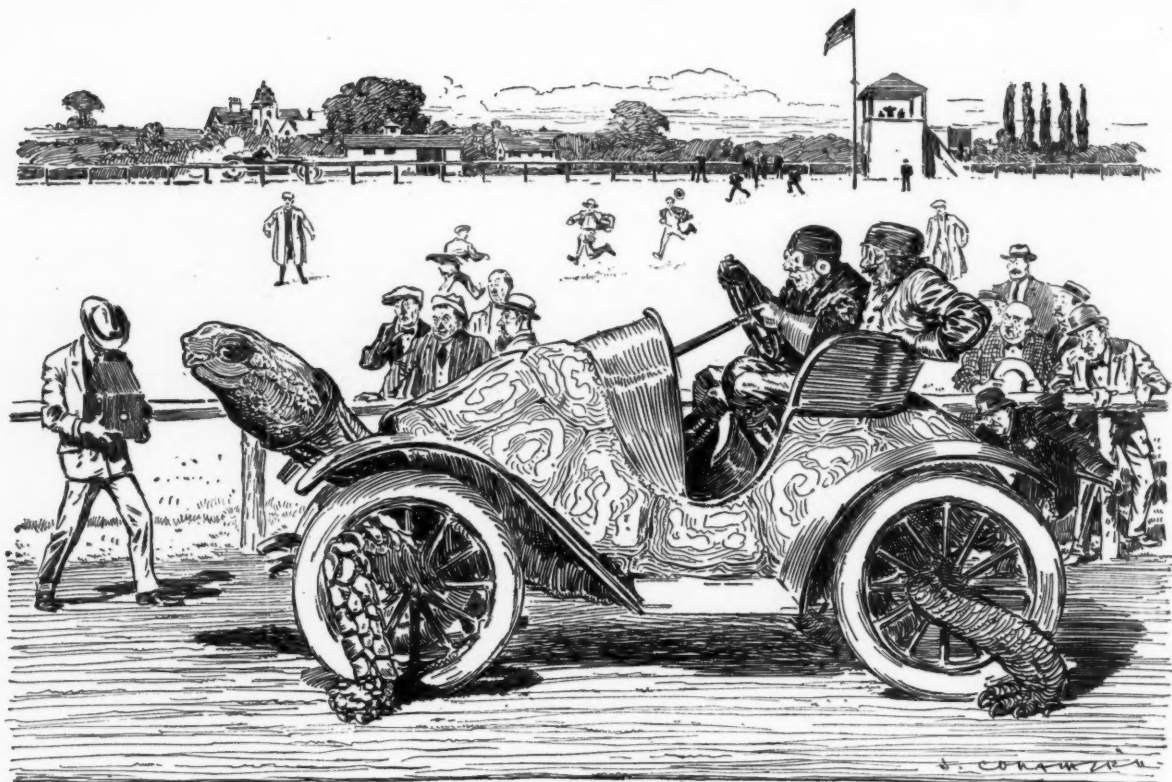
Ladies who attend the opera in win-
ter time should always leave their

auras behind them in a safe, warm
place; nothing is more wearing upon
an aura than to expose it to the
weather or to conversation.

In case you should lose your aura,
communicate with this office at once.
We have a few second-hand ones of
a very good quality, which we will sup-
ply to responsible parties at a reason-
able figure.

Definitions

TO RENEGE: Not to follow suit.
TO RENO: To begin suit.



"THEIR AUTO TURNED TURTLE"

Good at Her Job

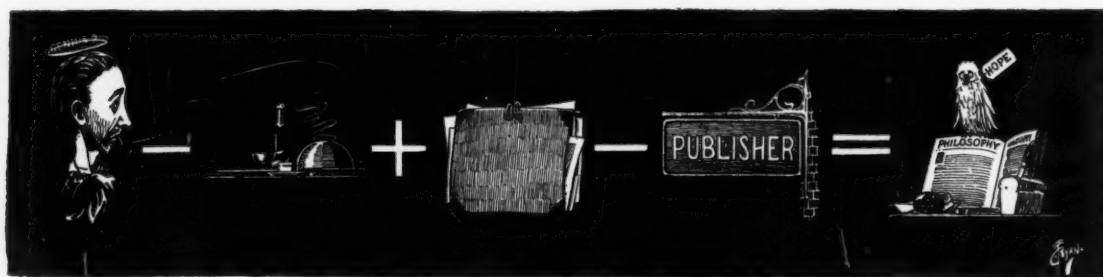
"Our work," said Mrs. Belmont Monday to a suffragist audience in New York, "is to remodel man's thinking powers." She did not exaggerate when she called it "a stupendous undertaking." So beneficent a programme, however, ought not to be confined to one sex.—*Springfield Republican*.

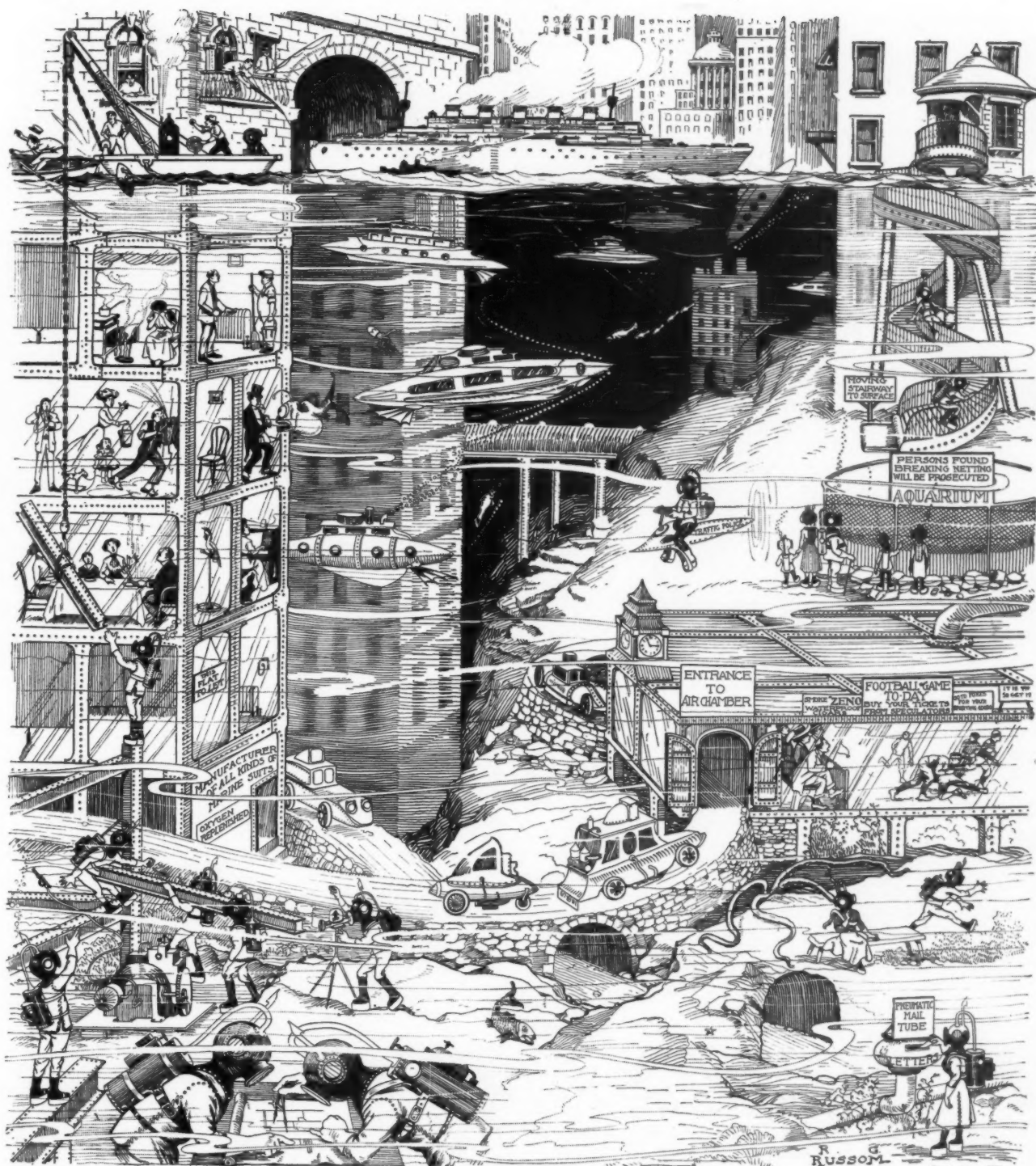
IT cannot be denied, however, that she is an expert in this field of endeavor. We do not recall any woman who has worked at it, for example, to better financial purpose. More than any other figure among the active suffragists she looms up as the unabashed enemy of man. Whether she helps or damages her side is matter for discussion, and is doubtless amply discussed, but, at any rate, she seems to have a good time. A scrapper who enjoys scrapping makes a better figure than a scrapper who repines. Colonel Roosevelt has always appreciated that. So, apparently, does Mrs. Belmont.

Styles for Politicians

STYLES for politicians, which are already appearing in the trade journals, do not show many changes from last season. Some of the models are considerably leaner, but these in no case approach the severity of the straight front. Embonpoint still holds its popularity. Short, thick, overlaid necks will be worn both day and evening. Long, black coats are still good form, but will not be seen so much as heretofore. Hats are usually Fedora shape and of black felt. Most of the models are ornamented with hives of political bees. The waist line has changed but little, and is still large. Stripes will be seen occasionally, but they will not be popular.

EVERY square deal has four sharp corners.





SUBMARINE POSSIBILITIES

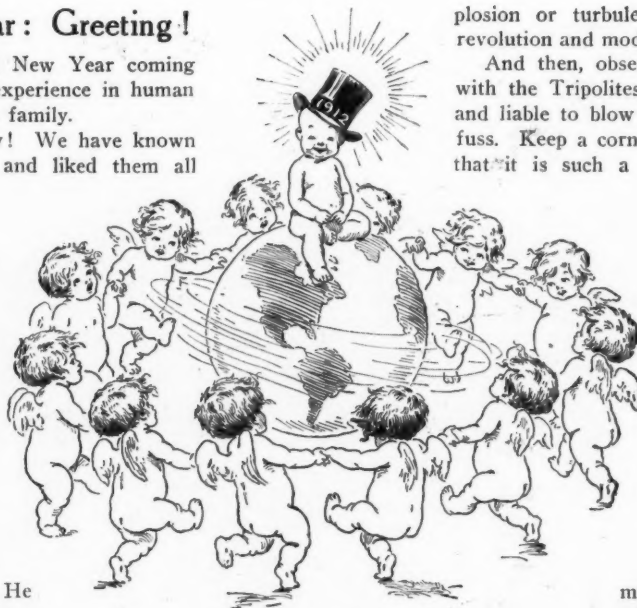
To the New Year: Greeting!

HERE is a jolly, young New Year coming in, entirely without experience in human affairs, the youngest of his family.

Welcome, Young Fellow! We have known several of your brothers, and liked them all (some better than others), and are prepared to like you. What is more, we are prepared to find you the most remarkable year yet. Be ready for surprises, young chap, You have happened to hit a wide-open Earth, full of pots a-boiling, and fizzing fuses, and it may make a wonderful reputation for you. Back a spell there was a year that made such a record that he was known as *Annus Mirabilis*. He was a great fellow; you can find his date if you look him up. The like may happen to you, and when you retire to your place in the chronological tables it may be that you will figure, not as mere 1912, but as *Annus Mirabilis Junior*.

For you see, there is such a lot doing in this world you come to. Look at us here in the United States—such games started, the issue of which no one can quite foresee! There is the Presidency to be settled again! You will see whether Taft and Wilson are the competitors; whether Roosevelt is drawn in; whether La Follette makes a figure in the running; whether Harmon pans out stronger than now seems likely, or the Democrats turn finally to Underwood. You will see the preliminary sparring in Congress over the tariff and, perhaps, the Sherman law, Mr. Taft, the Democrats and the Insurgents all endeavoring very properly to deserve well of the voters and have their high deserts impressed on the popular attention. And then the conventions, and then the campaign and the elections, and you will see what figure, if any, the suffragettes will cut in it, and the Socialists, and the Prohibitionists, and the single-taxers and all our other enthusiastic friends; and how Hearst will cut up, and what sort of a bargain Cohalan and Murphy will be able to drive for Tammany.

But, after all, all that is only American politics in a unusually lively Presidential year. We don't invite you, Urchin, to anticipate marvelous and upsetting novelties in this conservative country, so well provided with vents for the ebullition of all sorts of opinion. There will be a greater showing of goods of that class in England than here, and some startling patterns perhaps in Germany, and at least the usual variety in Russia, and in Mexico who knows what, but something very important, whether ex-



HAPPY NEW YEAR

" 'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND "

plosion or turbulent progress; and in China revolution and modernization without precedent.

And then, observe that that mess of Italy with the Tripolites and Turks is still stewing, and liable to blow up into a really penetrating fuss. Keep a corner of your eye on it, for all that it is such a cruel, disagreeable mess to watch. And keep an eye on France, for France in sundry vital particulars is not going sound, and somehow, though probably not immediately, must jolt into a better gait if she is to hold her place on the road. And glance at Portugal now and then to see how her republic fares, or what she gets in place of it, and at Spain, that old Roman Catholic bottle so lately charged with so much new wine; and at Persia, where there is so much more to interest a young modern Year than usual, and look carefully at India, where there may

come a blow-up if you don't watch it, and add up a few columns of figures for Japan to see if progress has left her money enough for meals, and make an occasional note about the Philippines, and keep a correspondent in Australia and New Zealand, out-stations of experiment in Government, and if there is anything moving in South America except hides and wool and rubber, and coffee and such things, don't miss it, and observe the Panama Canal and reflect about it a little, and if anything *should* pop up in Africa that you can't see from Europe, send a Day or two to watch it.

You see, young sir, the great point, the point that may give you a special name of your own in history, is that all the civilized world seems to be bitten by the same bug. Everybody who thinks, or thinks he thinks, seems possessed, all of a sudden, to demand more say about what's done, more to eat if his board is bad, less work if his hours are long, more pay if he thinks he can get it, more, or less, religion according as he thinks he has too little or too much, and better or ampler matrimonial privileges, especially for women. Now and then there come these times when the whole batch of human dough gives evidence of the working of yeast, and begins to heave and bubble. When it has these turns it has to rise. There's no stopping it. People always try, but if the movement is strong enough, authority has to skip for a while to the tall timber, and wise observers put out pans and prepare to bake a lot of new bread. Which done, the world lives on it for years after, and Authority comes out of the woods again and goes back to his job with chastened deportment and abbreviated powers, and continues to look wise, and do



THE DOG IN THE MANGER

business and draw pay until a new brewing of yeast gets to work and the dough begins again to bubble.

You may be such a year, young fellow. They say that inventions, and machinery and the great and notable progress of mind in its control of matter have changed the conditions of human life, and that a great and general readjustment of social and governmental machinery is due.

Very likely that is so. At any rate, have it in mind. If you have happened to hit a big game there is no reason why you shouldn't profit by the entertainment.

But don't be scared, Nineteen Twelve. There is nothing so fearsome as fear. Don't be scared. School is going to keep on keeping, and you'll come out all right; and even if the new fashions look queer at first sight, in the end you'll like em.

E. S. Martin.

The Difference

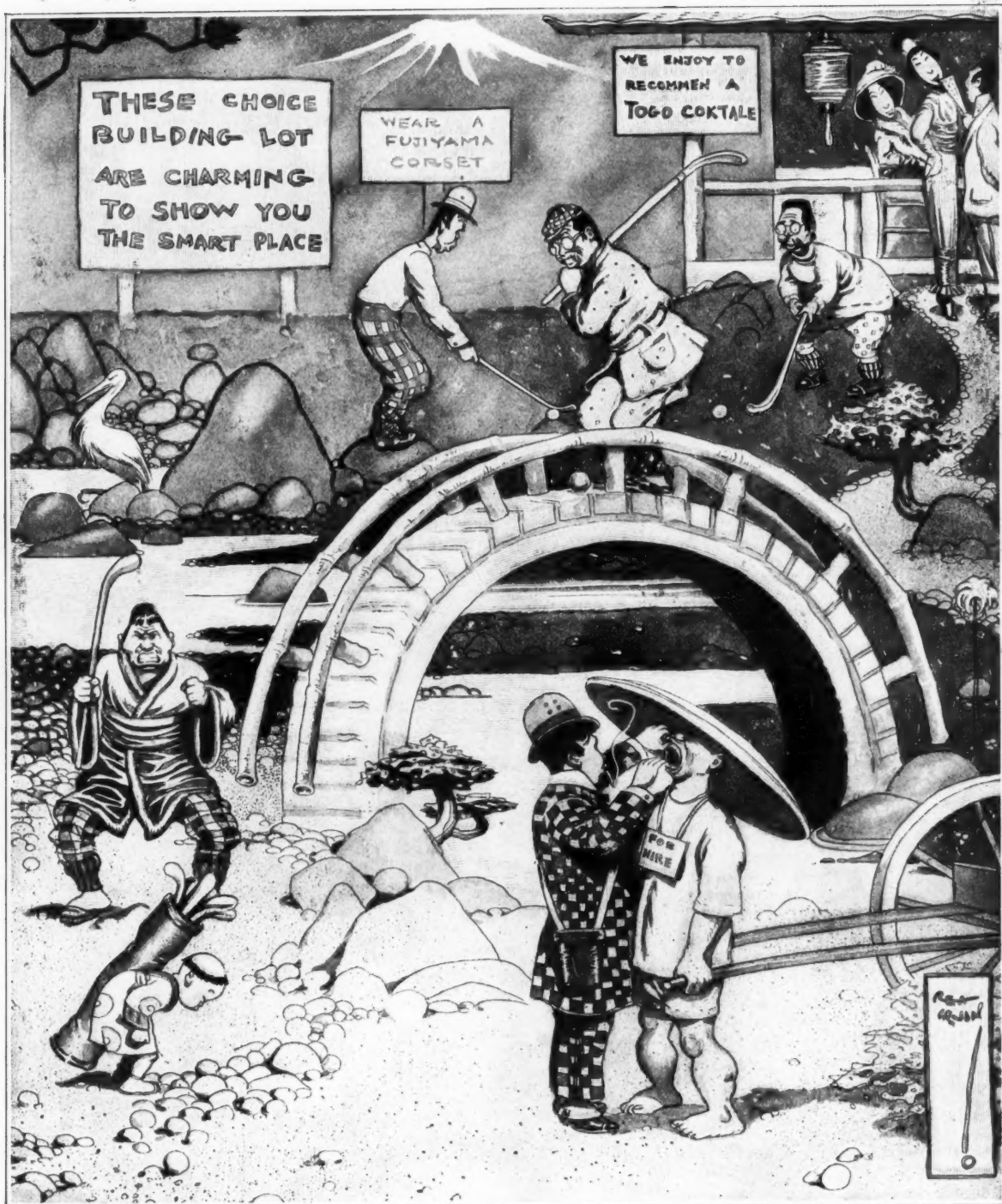
"AFTER all, there isn't much difference between the editor and the office boy."

"You're joking."

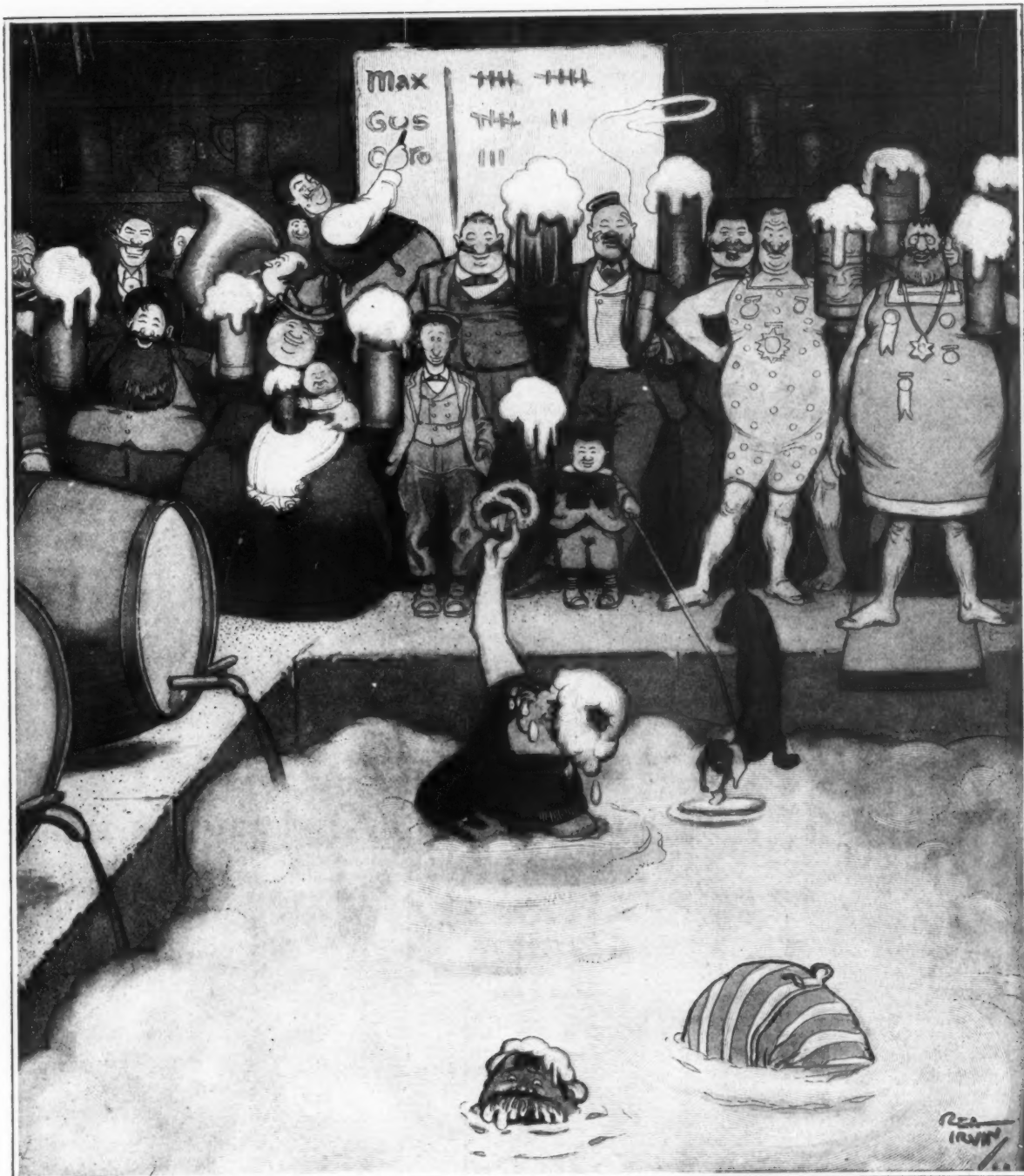
"Not at all. The editor fills the waste baskets and the office boy empties them."



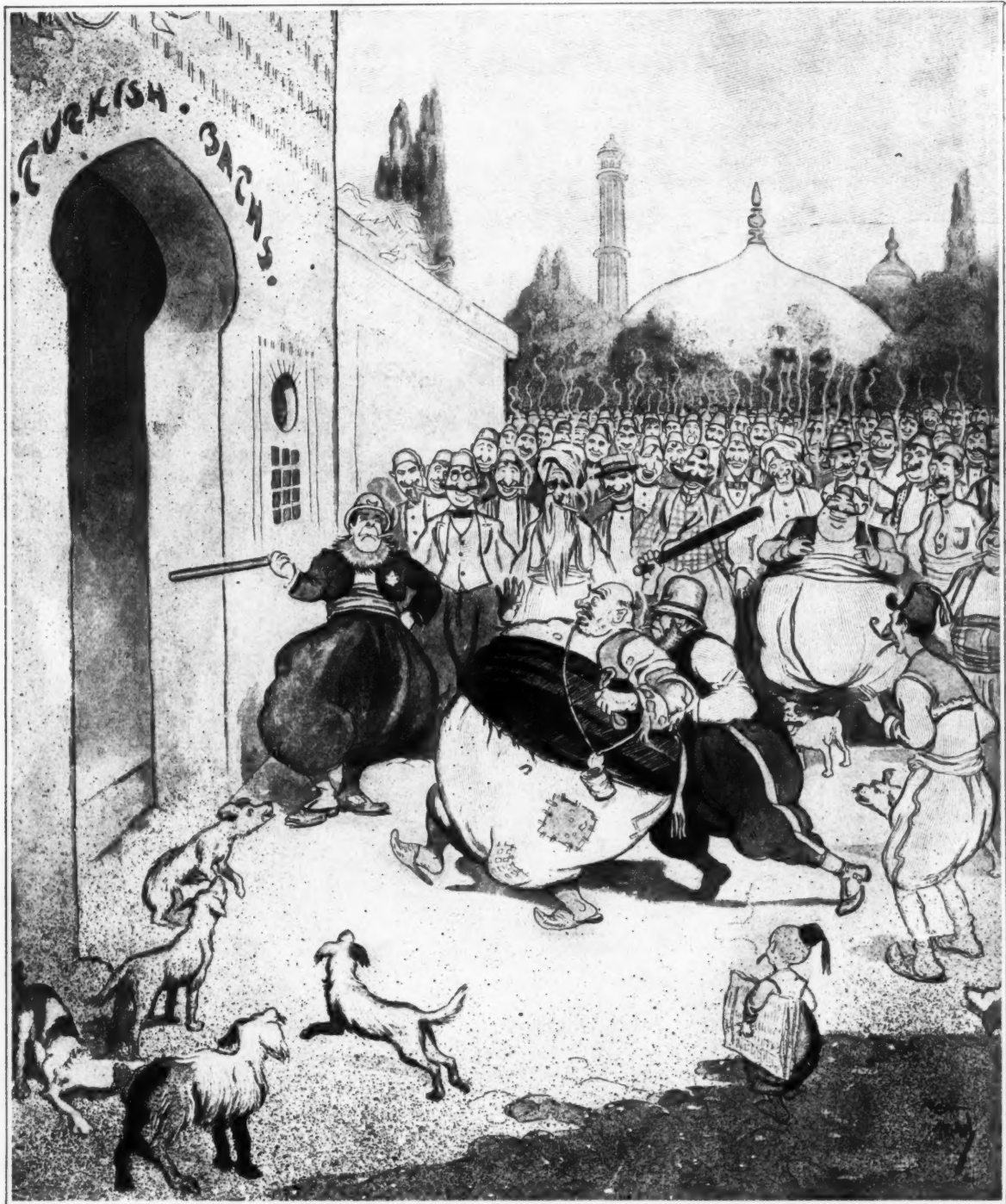
IF YOUR GIRL IS ICY, DON'T BE FROZEN OUT, BUT COME BETTER PREPARED THE NEXT TIME



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
GOLFING IN THE SUBURBS OF YOKOHAMA

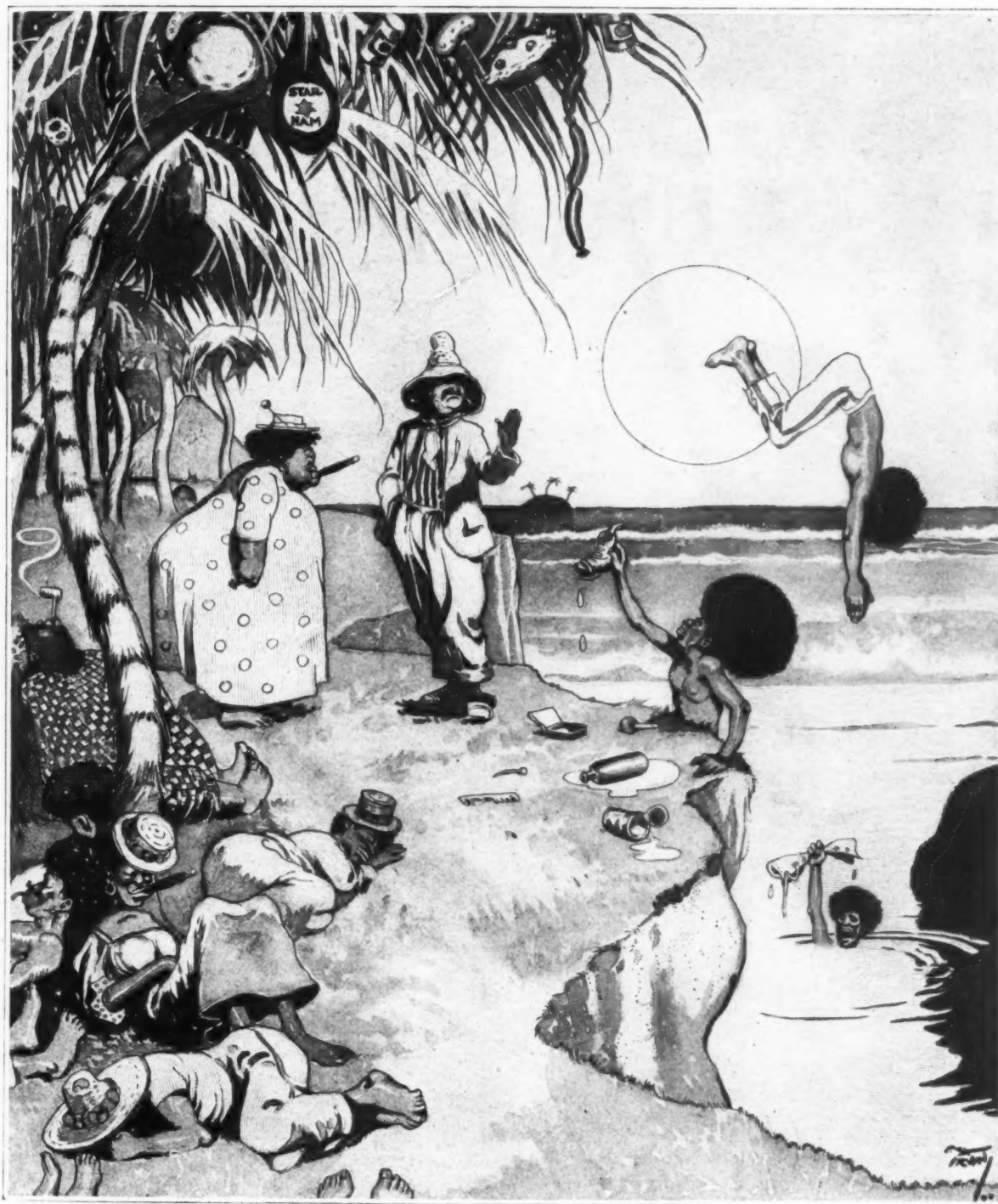


SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
BOBBING FOR PRETZELS IN BERLIN



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS

SATURDAY NIGHT IN CONSTANTINOPLE. THE TURKISH PATROL ROUNDING UP THE UNWASHED TURKS



SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
DIVING FOR PEARLS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Life's Annual Reunion



THE annual reunion of certain characters of LIFE took place last Thursday evening. LIFE presided. On the right sat President Taft and on the left J. Bounder Ballingford, LIFE's special correspondent. Others present were the manager of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau, the manager of LIFE's Fashion Reform League, Gee Ime Mit of the Mental Subscription Thought Department and Mr. and Mrs. Pipp and their daughters.

Mr. Pipp was late. He came in at last, however, accompanied by Miss Priscilla Jawbones, LIFE's suffragette editor, who wore willow plumes and a harem skirt for the great occasion.

Just as the members of the party sat down there was a disturbance outside the door, and a message was handed in to the effect that Anthony Comstock was outside and insisted on making one of the party. A copy of the Improper Number was handed out to him and he immediately became so much absorbed in it that quiet once more reigned.

President Taft was called upon first. He began by saying:

"Unaccustomed as I am to making speeches, I naturally feel—"

(Cries of ———)

"Highly honored by this attention. I shall detain you only a few hours. I want to say something about the tariff. My reasons for not having it lowered were, as you know, purely personal. I felt that it might be inimical to the best interests; and so, as I have said—I—er—went back on my promises because—er—ahem—I naturally——"

(Cries of "Go on!")

"What I was about to say is that the newspapers have not treated me fairly; they have published my speeches in full, thereby doing me much harm."

(Great applause.)

Mr. Ballingford was the next speaker.

"Modesty prevents me," he began, but was interrupted by continuous cheers. When the applause was over, he continued more quietly:

"I have just returned from abroad, where I have located the Mona Lisa, arranged the details of the occupation of Tripoli, reassured William the German Emperor in a private interview I condescended to grant him, gone over the new English constitution with Asquith and King George

and broken into Westminster Abbey to write a muckraker on the way it is kept—and I feel a trifle tired, so if you will excuse me I will drink a couple more bottles of champagne and retire."

The manager of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau began as follows:

"In spite of all reports to the contrary, and the libellous rumor that I have had some trouble with my wife, which would not permit me to attend this dinner, I wish to call attention to the fact that I am here. That is the most effective answer I can make to my rivals and enemies. Now, gentlemen, with regard to my work for the coming year. My vast experience——"

(Cries of "Bravo! Bravo!")

"My vast experience, I repeat, makes it imperative for me to raise my rates; this is particularly true, considering the cost of living. The handsome blonde on the right as you enter——"

(Cries of "Why didn't you bring her with you?")

"Has struck for a substantial increase in her pay; also the manager of my entertainment bureau. If any of you are really suffering, however, from your treatment at home, and have been to me before, I shall be glad to take you on at the old rates. I——"

"Sit down! Shut up! We've come here for a good time and we don't want to be reminded of home!" was now heard from a quiet man with a sour countenance who sat in a far corner. There was a hush, and the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau representative was followed by the next speaker—namely, the President of the Pessimists' Club.

As it was thought inappropriate to applaud him, his rising was received in dead silence. He began as follows:

"Gentlemen, I had an oppressive feeling that this dinner would take place; in fact, I have been preparing myself for it for some time. There was a period when LIFE was a fairly decent paper; but, of course, all that is now past; the fact that it has largely increased its circulation is only evidence of its decline; the more people you know the less intelligent they are on the average—it, therefore, follows that as LIFE grows, it becomes poorer in quality. I cannot say that I am glad to meet any of you to-night; it is bad enough to have to be inflicted with your more or less weekly utterances without coming into personal contact with you; however, it cannot be helped. This is a pretty poor dinner; the speeches promise to be poorer, if one can judge from those I have already listened to. There is, however, one consolation. I doubt if this country holds together another year. That being the case, the probability of this performance being repeated is, therefore, remote; I congratulate you on this probability, and wish you all a sad good night."

He was given three cheers—and then suddenly a hush fell on the whole assembly as a message was handed in from the outside.

"Gentlemen," said LIFE, "there is a distinguished visitor



CHINA IS NOW BEING CIVILIZED

waiting to come in. He is none other than our immortal Uncle Sam. Shall we admit him?"

And then, amid a unanimous chorus of approval, the door opened, and Uncle Sam, advancing to the table, said: "Friends, let us obey that impulse."

He lifted his glass, and the whole company drank standing to the following toast:

"Here's to LIFE's friends, past, present and future. Here's to the true American spirit. Long may it wave. And here's to 1912—may it be the best one yet!"

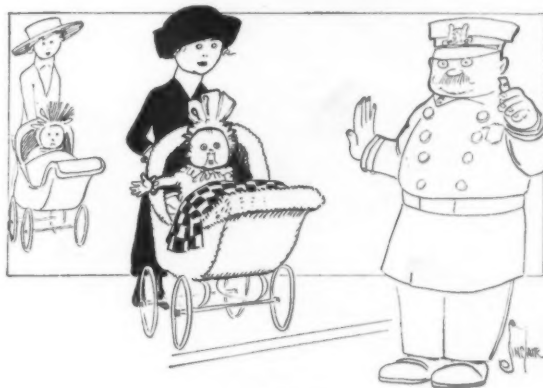
T. L. M.

Those Best Sellers

MR. BOB YARD says that best sellers are so expensive to publish that they hardly pay. The paper, the printing, the pictures and the advertising, to say nothing of the author's royalties and the binding, are serious handicaps to the publisher. Here is at last a splendid idea. First, reduce the advertising of all best sellers; get them out without any notices, reviews or pictures of the author eating grilled bones in the back yard of his estate, with his favorite collie in the foreground. Second, cut out the illustrations. This alone would make it almost worth while publishing the book. These two reforms will cut down the cost of the paper, the binding and the author's royalties. A trained literary villain will thus begin to hesitate before he

perpetrates a best seller. If the public is left alone to find out a book for itself, it is quite possible that merit might enter the field; we say this timidly, however, with due regard to our literary traditions.

"NEVER strike a man larger than yourself."
"Better still, never strike a man who is short."



HEREDITY
THE CHAUFFEUR'S CHILD

Annual Review



A GOOD "ALL STAR" ACT.



THE KING OF ALL THE BRITAINS.



THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS



NOT ACCEPTABLE.



THE PASSING OF THE "LORDS".



INVESTIGATION IS VEXATION.



BREAKING UP THE CAMORRIST COLLECTION.

for *Nineteen Eleven*



THE WEAKER SEX.



"WAITING AT THE CHURCH"



A GENTLE HINT TO THE MANCHU.



"HELLO, STRANGER!"



A WHITE ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

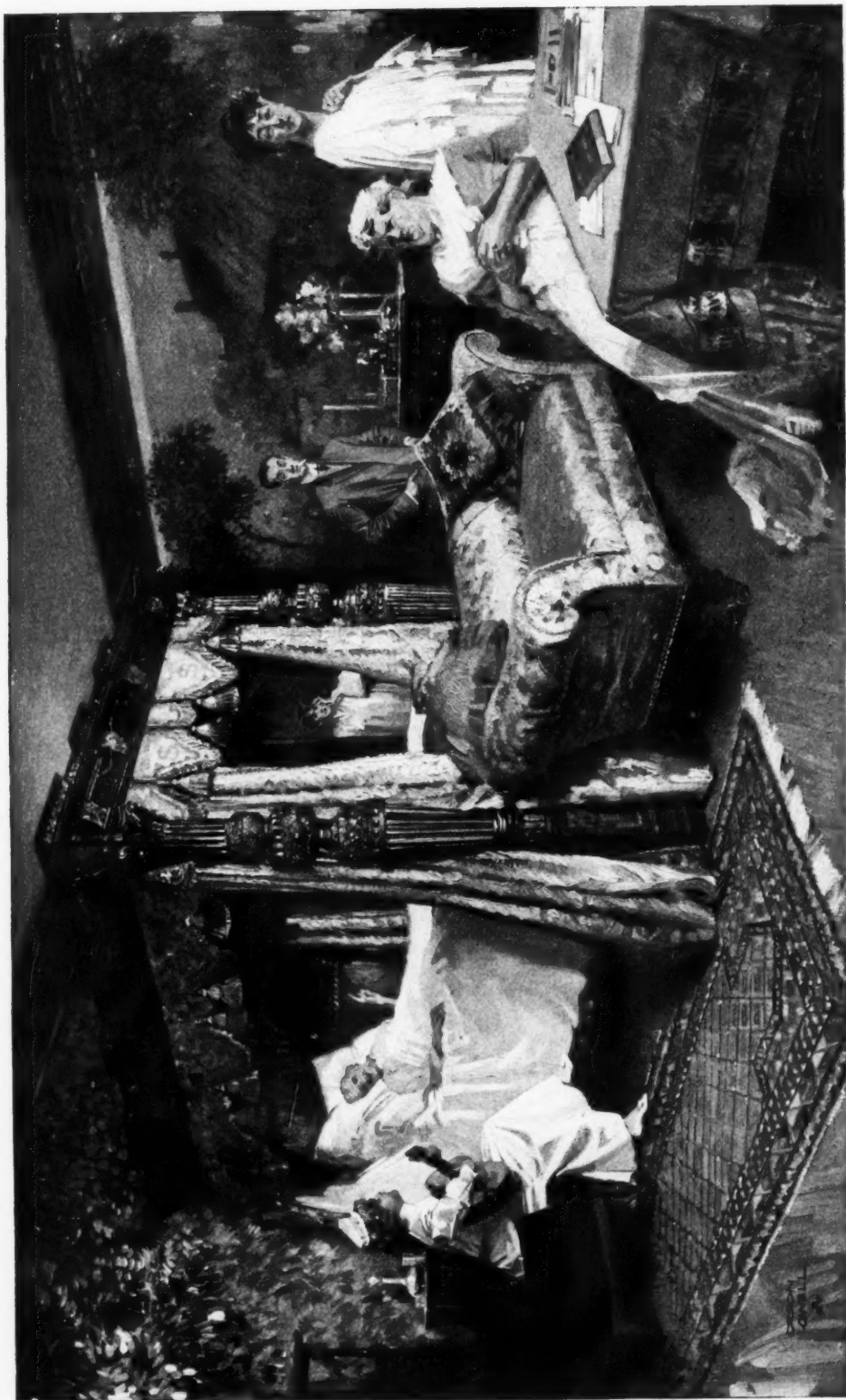


DIAZ DEPARTS.



ANOTHER BOMB EXPLOSION.

R.T. RICHARDS.



THE SONG OF HIS YOUTH

AT TIMES THERE ARE FEARS THAT SOME OF THE INGOTT BILLIONS MAY BE WILLED OUT OF THE FAMILY

A New Protective Body

WE are about to form the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association. Will you join? There are no dues, the only requirement being a little firmness and self-control on your part.

The idea is this:

Have you ever been called up over the telephone by some man, who, in order to save his own time and without regard to yours, orders his stenographer, or private secretary, to get you on the wire first? Then, when you are on the wire, and waiting, he saunters leisurely up and tells you what he wants.

Suppose, for example, that your name is Smith. This is what happens:

The bell rings. You answer. "Hello?"

A young woman's voice then says:

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes. Who—"

"Wait a moment, please.

Mr. Jones wishes to speak to you."

You wait. In a moment, Jones—when he has finished what he has been doing, having been informed that you—Smith—are waiting for him, comes to the telephone.

Now, in order to become a member of the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association, all you have to do is to agree that hereafter, whenever anybody calls you up over the telephone and delegates someone else to get you first, is, immediately upon ascertaining that fact, to hang up the receiver and let him do it all over again.

This is what you should do:

The bell rings. You answer. A woman's voice.

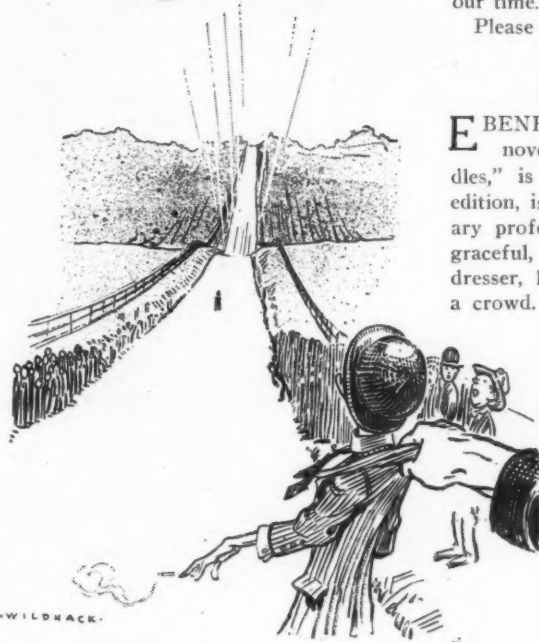
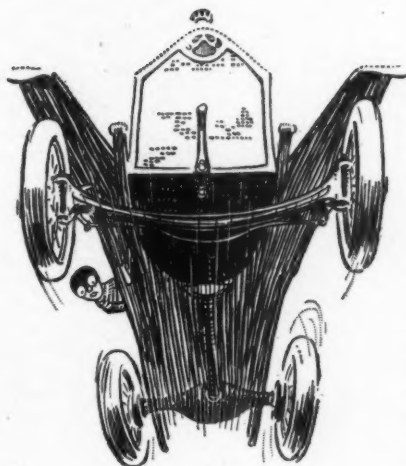
"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Wait a moment. Mr. Jones—"

At this point you hang up the receiver and proceed with the regular order of business. In a few moments the bell rings again. Same voice.

"Is this Mr. Smith?"



WHY NOT AUTO-SKI?

"Yes."

"Wait, please, a—"

Once more you hang up the receiver and, whistling at your work, proceed as before. In a few moments more the bell rings again. This time it is a man's voice.

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"This is Jones."

"Ah! how are you, Jones."

"I have been trying to get you for some time."

"Yes, Jones, I know it, but you see I am a member of the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association, and our rule is that when anyone rings us up he shall be at the 'phone before we are, on the principle of mutual courtesy, and because he hasn't really any right to take up our time."

Please pass this along.

In the Literary Eye

BENEZER MCTISH, whose powerful novel, "Ploughshares and Pineneedles," is now going through the second edition, is a splendid specimen of the literary profession. Tall, handsome, angular, graceful, a decided blonde and a good dresser, he could easily be picked out of a crowd.

As the story of his early struggles goes, the publishers to whom he submitted the manuscript of this monumental work did not know whether to publish it or not, but Mr. McTish was so pleasant about it that they simply couldn't refuse. As a result, the book is enjoying a phenomenal sale. Mr. McTish, like many another native litterateur, was born in the United States, and gave early promise of a marked literary ability. The little town of Columbus, Ohio,

which boasts his birthplace, is already preparing to buy and memorialize the house on East Naghten street where he first saw the light of day. Mr. McTish is rushing work on another novel for publication in the early spring.

THE Zoo ostrich saw a woman wearing a modern style hat.

"Ah," he mused, "wouldn't I like to have one of those portable hiding places!"



Geologist: I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT, SIR. TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND SIT DOWN

The Apotheosis of the Rejection Slip

THE editor of a popular magazine died and his soul passed on. In due course he stood before the Gate and presented his card to the attendant. He waited a very long time, and was tormented with suspense and fear and doubt. At last the gray-suited servant returned and handed him back his card, together with a sheet of coated paper—about six by four—upon which was engraved the following:

"Saint Peter has carefully considered your offering, but regrets that the candidate is not adapted to the special needs of this institution. Rejection does not necessarily imply lack

of merit, nor that the offering might not be available for another place.

"In view of the large number of offerings considered, Saint Peter asks to be excused from any criticism of the candidate's moral attributes."

Upon reading which, the editor heaved a sigh of bitter disappointment and went on to the "other place."

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the divorce and the alimony.



SISTER'S FIRST BEAU

Song

TELL you why I love you? Why
Does the blossom love the bee,
Does the rainbow love the sky,
Does the summer love the sea?

Tell you why I love you? Why
Do the western breezes blow,
Do the birds all southward fly,
Do the tides of ocean flow?

Tell you why I love you? Why
Does the heart that ached too long
Start to beating, with the cry
Of some new-awakened song?

Tell you why I love you? Why
Thus my spirit yearns to give,
Why for you I wish to die—
Tell me, dearest, why I live!

Leolyn Louise Everett.



THE SOCIALIST'S IDEA OF "EQUAL DISTRIBUTION"

· LIFE ·



THE UNDER DOG.

Prohibition on a Wrong Basis

DO the Prohibitionists believe in total abstinence? We are not as familiar as we should be with the laws and platforms, but have gathered the impression that the basis of their activities is the conviction and assertion that all the alcoholic drinks are wholly bad, that nobody ought to drink any of them, and that the laws should make total abstinence compulsory by prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of all intoxicants.

If that is their fundamental principle they are on a false basis. No matter about that if they regulate only their own behavior by it, but when they try to pass laws that aim to compel the whole of society to accept and abide by their view, and in some cases succeed, it becomes important whether that view is sound or otherwise.

It is not sound. It will not wash. Great as is the damage that alcohol does in our country, we believe that universal and successful prohibition would do more. The root of all evil is not alcohol, as the Prohibitionists suppose. Still, as much as ever, it is the love of money, and that is the root of a large part of the evil associated with the drink business.

Get rid of that and a very large proportion of the mischiefs due to alcohol would be abated. It is hard to do, but the Guttenberg law did it. It has never been done by Prohibition.

Smythe, Lover of Rivers

In the Waldorf yesterday, Mr. J. Y. Smythe, of Grand Rapids, said that he had been making a special study of American rivers.—Newspaper Item.

IN winter time, in his new toboggan,
Did he ride on the cold, gray Androscoggin?

Or in climate warm, where the air is calmer,
Did he venture alone on the Alabama?
Maybe he danced the coochy coochy
On the plain but respectable Chattahoochie.

Did he try, with some West Virginia spieler
The bank of the good old Monongahela?

Who knows? And, maybe, the Susquehanna
Appealed to his fickle masculine manner.

And in morals growing loose and looser
Did he strip for a swim in the Tallapoosa?

Were his feelings dammed, or were they spent O
On the gay St. Croix or the Sacramento?

Or did he of Indian maidens ask a
Pair of spoons on the old Nebraska?

Maybe he sang: "Oh, let my jig be
Up near the mouth of the swift Tombigbee."

Or maybe he sang "Not one iota
Care I for aught but the Minnesota!"

Who knows but Friend Smythe, with feelings mnemonic
Forgot all else but the Housatonic,

Or reveled in joy removed from dolor
Canoeing the Apa-la-chi-cola!

Did he sit on the edge of the Saginaw slipper
Or idly float on the Mississippi?

Did he speed northwest and take a look on
The Willamette or the giddy Yukon?

Or with no one to guide, in his deep bravado
Did he stem the tide of the Colorado?

Did he lay him down at night in toto
And gaze at the moon on the burnt Scioto?

Or grow obtuse and still obtuser
On the Washita or the cooler Coosa?

Maybe the Mohawk or rank Missouri
Made him mad and drove him to fury,



I'LL NEVER DO ANOTHER JOB ON SPECULATION. HERE I'VE SWEEPED THE SNOW FROM MR. ROBIN'S DOOR-YARD AND NOW I FIND HE'S GONE TO PALM BEACH FOR THE WINTER.

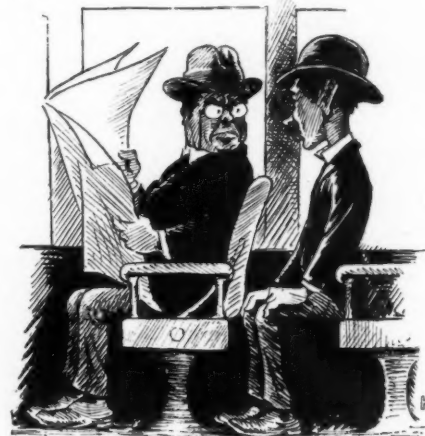
Or maybe some cloud that was warm and rainy
Soothed his soul on the Alleghany.

Did he cool his heels in a tumbled shanty
On the Roanoke or the surging Santee?

Or with Indian squaw, fair, fat and forty
Did he flirt on the banks of the Grande del Norte?

Did he sing in rich and radiant stanzas
Some Spanish tune on the low Arkansas?

We do not know. But, Smythe, you're lucky
If you've kept away from the old Kentucky!
T. L. M.



"HMMMM-BRRRH!—SAY, WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU BUY A PAPER OF YOUR OWN?"

"WHY, SIR, YOURN WILL DO, IF YOU'LL ONLY HOLD IT STEADY."



This picture has no title.

?

*For the Best Title to This Picture, Life Will
Give One Hundred Dollars*

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words. The paper upon which the title is sent should contain nothing else but the title, with the name and address of the author in the upper left hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st St.,
New York, N. Y.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, January 20. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from January 20 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of February 1.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

The Complete Pessimist

Official Handbook of the Pessimists' Club Now Out—Read by Thousands Everywhere—A Perfect Exposition of the Art of Pessimism—Hailed With Delight

THE official handbook of the Pessimists' Club has at last been placed before the public. Representing as it does the spirit and genius of the American people, we expected that it would naturally be received with attention. But the actual reception far exceeds our expectations.

It has knit the American people together in a firm bond of Pessimism. Its official character has been recognized everywhere.

A perusal of the book itself is necessary in order to understand its purpose and its power. We can, in this



"To smile and smile, and yet be a pessimist"

article, only give a faint adumbration of some of its leading principles.

The book starts out with the fundamental proposition that every American citizen, whether he knows it or not, is a natural pessimist. It shows very clearly that all those various masks which we wear are worn only to conceal our true bent.

"If anyone doubts that we are pessimists," the preface concludes, "one has only to examine our humor and become convinced."

What is complete Pessimism? Is it something to be gained slowly by a process of education, or does one possess the gift temperamentally?

The book shows that the true art of Pessimism cannot be represented by a single example. There are pessimists and pessimists; some are born to the heritage of Pessimism; others acquire it slowly.

It must be remembered that Pessimism may be firmly established underneath a smiling exterior; indeed, this is the high art—to smile and smile, and yet be a pessimist.

To become a true pessimist, and thus do one's duty by one's country requires at the start an earnest desire. One must be possessed by a deep sense of melancholy. Under the head of "Aids to Pessimism," some of the following are given:

Read daily the editorial pages of the *Evening Post* and the humorous column of any American paper—it does not matter which one.

Surround yourself with objects that will place you in the proper pessimistic mood, such as President Taft's speeches, society notes and the *Congressional Record*.

Associate with others who are more gloomy than yourself. This is very important, and its principle is not thoroughly understood. Like breeds like. When you see anybody, therefore, who is particularly despondent and who has studied the art of melancholy, advancing through the various



"Grim skeletons lurk everywhere in the shadows"

stages to a complete hopelessness, be with him as much as possible.

The time is coming when Pessimism will be recognized as one of the fine arts; when, instead of being deprecated as if one ought to be ashamed of it, it will be hailed by all as the only honorable path. Only by being continuous and uncompromising pessimists can we hope to reach our highest ideals. Most of the American people already recognize this great fact already—but they do it unconsciously; it remains only to reveal to them the great principles of Pessimism.

It is recommended at first that certain moments of each day be set aside for brooding; these can be lengthened as the capacity for mental suffering increases. Above all things go slow and have patience; to be a genuine, consistent pessimist takes time.

Begin the day by adopting some motto; the following are samples:

This may be my last hour.

What unknown terrors await me?

All brightness, all gaiety, all smiling are but vain delusions.



UNCOMFORTABLE THOUGHT

THE EMPEROR OF INDIA *might* INTRODUCE EASTERN ETIQUETTE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Every tick of the clock brings me nearer death.

It must not be forgotten, however, that an outward mask of cheerfulness may often be adopted with good effect, when it conceals an inward despair. It is one of the great arts of Pessimism to know how far this may be carried. To this end the methods of true pessimists should be studied.

A genuine pessimist can always be detected; his very smiling is done for a purpose; his cynicism is never too apparent, but only used to bring out the deep gloom. At the foundation of his whole scheme of life is the settled conviction that nothing is useful, nothing is worth while, and that all must end in disaster. By becoming firmly convinced of this, you will in time accomplish wonders. A sudden and unprepared-for joy will only convince you that it cannot last and that in the end you will be worse off than before. Thus all things will work together for a common purpose.

The Pessimists' Club, which is now a national institution, offers a sure haven to all those who are already pessimists, or wish to become such. The club parlors are always open.

No preliminaries are necessary. It offers a meeting ground for all pessimists, and if you have the slightest de-

sire to be cheerful, you should join at once and have it speedily eradicated.

In the meantime, *The Complete Pessimist* is offered to those whose melancholy duties prevent them from taking an active part in the functions of the club members.

There is trouble ahead for all of us. Dull care sits upon the bedpost. Grim skeletons lurk everywhere in the shadows.

Let us recognize this, and add to the inevitable flood of melancholy that is now setting in.

Better join at once, as at any moment it may be too late. Nobody knows what may happen, even in the next few moments.

Alas!

L'Envoi

WHEN the last of the answers to Kipling has been written and printed and read

And each vial of feminine fury has been carefully poured on his head,

"We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it"—at least for a moment or two,

Till the deadliest male of the species finds something more deadly to do.

—R. G. S.



No New Theatre But the Little Theatre



O much of the new New Theatre's thunder has been stolen by Mr. Winthrop Ames's new Little Theatre that plans for the former have been definitely abandoned for some time to come. The announcement of Mr. Ames's intentions and that of the fact that the Founders of the New Theatre have put their plans back into the portfolio came almost simultaneously. What Mr. Ames proposes to do seems so much like what the others expected to accomplish, so far as they had any plan, that there seems to be no room for the two institutions. Both expected to appeal to limited audiences with stock companies and plays which could not be relied upon for a strictly commercial appeal in an ordinary theatre.

Mr. Ames's house is to be one where dramatic experiments which will appeal to intelligent and educated persons may be tried out without ruinous cost. This is to be attained not by skimping in the settings and quality of the acting, but by a small theatre which can be run at reduced expense and by increasing the price of admission. It is evidently not to be run as an educational scheme except for its indirect effect on stage standards. Mr. Ames's own equipment, assisted by the abilities of Mr. George Foster Platt as a stage director and producer, guarantees interesting results on a higher plane than usual. The Little Theatre will open early in the spring and its announcement includes "The Pigeon," by Mr. John Galsworthy, "The Terrible Mask," by Mr. C. Rann Kennedy, a special version of "Elektra," with Edith Wynne Mathison in the title part, "Anatol," by Arthur Schnitzler, a comedy of New York life by a new author, and fairy-tale matinees for the children.

All this looks very feasible and as though there was a good chance for the Little Theatre to be a pronounced success.



THE difficulty which caused the abandonment of the New Theatre plan was the impossibility of securing a suitable manager. In all America there were only one or two men whom the capitalists at the back of the enterprise were willing to entrust with the spending of the generous sums they were ready to supply for the temporary support of the undertaking. These men were already too profitably occupied to change to an experiment of doubtful possibilities.

More than this, the Founders themselves did not know exactly what they wanted. Their director would have to outline a scheme which would guarantee first-class theatrical entertainment of the kind its backers wanted and yet attract some patronage from the general public. The subsidy was in the nature of a guarantee against loss for a few seasons

and not at all an endowment. It was easy enough to find managers who would accept the guarantee, but they were not among those who could furnish the right kind of guarantees on their own side. In the present condition of the American theatre there is not much chance for the development of artist managers and not much temptation for educated men to enter the theatrical business.

There is still an opening for an endowed theatre in America even if one with a temporary and uncertain subsidy does not seem feasible. The endowment, however, would have to be a heavy one and successfully to create a national theatre would be a work of time and of making haste slowly. With it would have to be created a school of acting. Its efforts should not be affected by any demand on the part of its controlling body for stage entertainment suited to the merely passing fancy. This does not mean that its offerings should be so heavy and uninteresting that they would appeal only to small audiences of high-brows. There is possible in this particular a middle course which would make for the lasting popularity of such an institution.

Of its educational value—not to the stage alone but to the whole American people—there could be no doubt. Even the short career of the New Theatre was an uplifting influence, not on its fashionable audiences but on many non-regular theatregoers who were drawn to see some of its best accomplishments. America needs such a theatre and New York is the place for it. And it will come when some of our vast fortunes fall into the hands of those who can see in something other than churches, colleges, hospitals and libraries a powerful instrument of nation-wide education in the gentler and finer things of life.

Just now there is no need of the police to keep back the millionaires who are crowding up to gain this opportunity for distinction and the general good, but that condition may arise in a generation or so.

Meanwhile we have the musical shows to comfort us.



CURRENT ATTRACTIONS
"LITTLE BOY BLEW"



WILTON LACKAYE was a brave star to attempt a New York opening in the middle of the week before Christmas and at the Bijou Theatre. It would take a much more powerful play than "The Stranger" to

beat that combination of time and place. This play should not be confounded with the famous English piece of the same title in which every well-known artist of the generation before this appeared at some time in his or her career. In fact it seems rather a remarkable proceeding for a playwright of the experience of Mr. C. T. Dazey to appropriate such a well-known title for a distinctly modern and American play.

Southern social prejudice against the intruding Northerner is exaggerated into one of the leading motives of the plot. This may be justified by dramatic license. In fact it has so largely disappeared since Reconstruction days that Southern exclusiveness now isn't half so extreme as that of some of New York's newly rich, who only a little while ago were grovelling for social recognition from any one. The main scene of the play is the discovery by the hero, who has become a Northern capitalist, that he is the heir apparent of an old Virginia family and that the classy young Southerner who has tried to bar him out from everything, including the local country club, is himself the victim of a congenital case of the bend sinister. This scene is sufficiently dramatic, but the rest of the play shows too plainly the work of the dramatic nailer together of lines and situations to seem like real life anywhere. It has an occasional witty line and the characters are of the kind that every playwright can provide at a moment's notice to fit his plots.



THE PROPER CAPER

Mr. Lackaye, as the returned Southerner who is going to develop the business possibilities of his native town, had a straight part and played it with less artificiality than has been his recent habit. The result was an agreeable and easy personation with several opportunities for mock-heroics artistically neglected. His support is quite competent, one of the most notable features being the resemblance of Mr. Frank Sheridan as *Judge Carter* to a certain municipal executive who is also a student of the precepts of Epictetus.

"The Stranger" is not very good nor very bad and furnishes about average theatrical amusement for an evening.

THE Irish Players have left us to take their chances in Philadelphia and Chicago. The Clan-na-Gael flourishes in the latter city and the members of the company will find a suit of chain armor, a bottle of arnica and an accident policy mighty convenient theatrical properties for use during their engagement there.

IS Fire Commissioner Johnson responsible for the safety of the theatre-going public against fire and panic?

If not, who is?

Metcalfe.



Astor.—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock making fun with "The Red Widow." Better than usual musical show.

Belasco.—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Mr. David Warfield in well acted drama of a returned spirit.

Bijou.—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Stranger," by Mr. C. T. Dazey. See above.

Broadway.—"The Wedding Trip." Notice later.

Casino.—"Peggy." Musical show elaborately staged, but not especially amusing.

Century.—"The Garden of Allah." Fine spectacle reproducing the atmosphere of the desert of Sahara.

Cohan's.—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show with the usual tough Cohanisms.

Comedy.—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Very well acted and extremely funny Scotch satirical comedy.

Criterion.—Mr. James K. Hackett in "The Grain of Dust." Notice later.

Daly's.—Margaret Illington in "Kindling." Strong drama of tenement house life, well acted.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Witness for the Defence." English drama with a murder mystery as its basis. Not top-notch.

Fulton.—Mr. William Collier in "Take My Advice." Sketchy comedy with the star's irresistible fun as the main feature.

Gaiety.—Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady of the Land." The social side of the Jefferson administration in clever and well-acted drama.

Garrick.—"The Senator Keeps House." The veteran comedian in a play which gives him slight opportunity.



There she goes, there she goes;
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.
Nobody knows, nobody knows,
Whether she wears any underclothes.

Globe.—"The Three Romeos." Georgia Caine and three clever comedians in musical show.

Harris.—Last week of Rose Stahl and "Maggie Pepper." Department store life in a fairly interesting melodrama.

Herald Square.—"Betsy," with Grace La Rue as the star. Musical comedy without chorus girls. Novel and agreeable.

Hippodrome.—Ballet, spectacle and impressive stage pictures.

Hudson.—Last week of "The Price." Sex drama, well presented and fairly interesting.

Lyceum.—"The Marionettes." Nazimova in French comedy based on the matrimonial triangle. Somewhat interesting.

Lyric.—"Little Boy Blue." Charming musical show.

Maxine Elliott's.—Grace George in repertory. Notice later.

Park.—"The Quaker Girl." Melodious, dainty and very well staged musical show of London type.

Playhouse.—"Bought and Paid For." Interesting, laughable and moving play. An unusually good piece of acting.

Republic.—"The Woman." Intense drama dealing with life among the corrupt politicians in Washington. Very well presented.

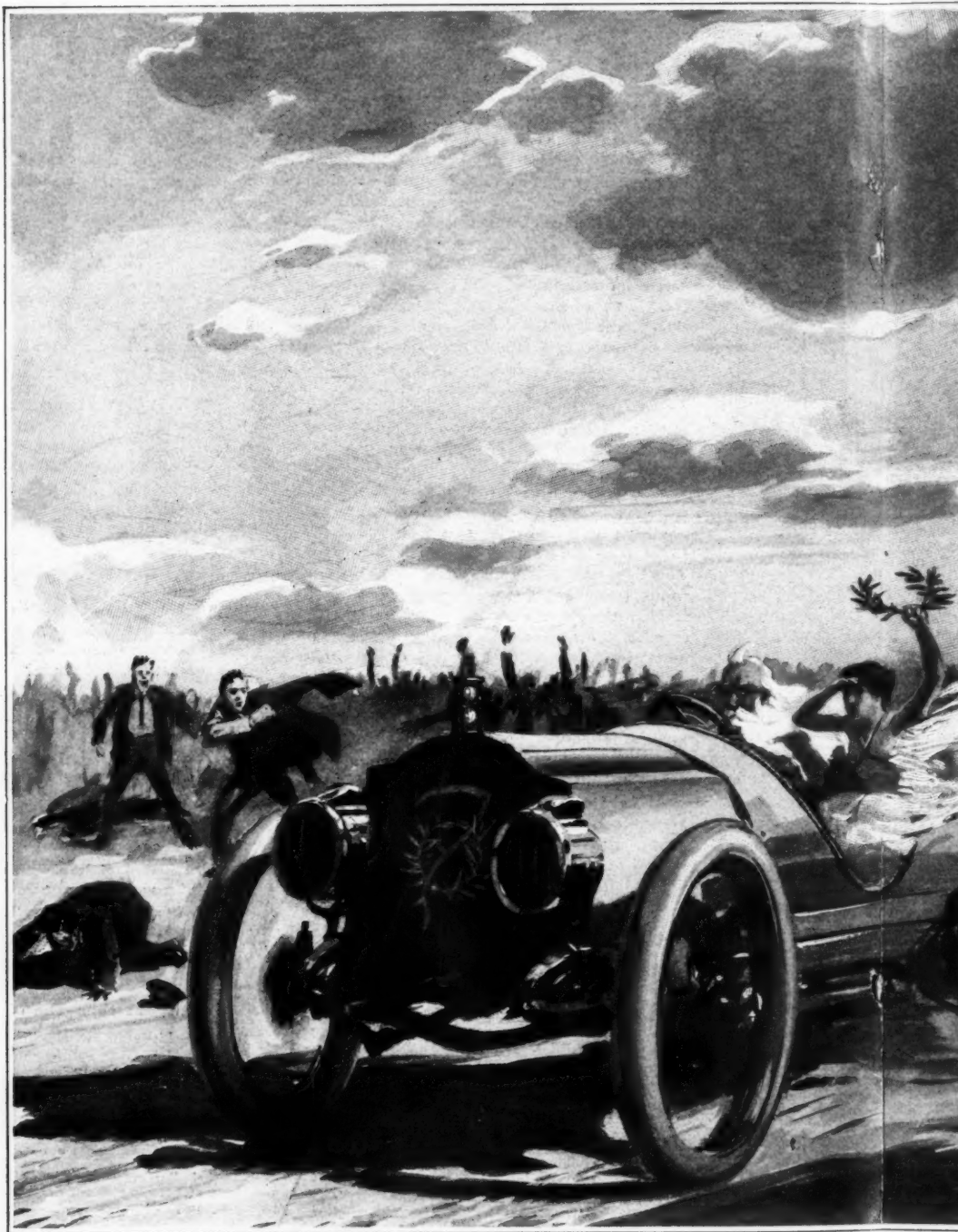
Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Million." French farce, elementary but very laughable.

Wallack's.—"Disraeli." Agreeable play of the Victorian era with Mr. Arliss's fine depiction of the British statesman.

Weber's.—German light opera company in repertory.

Winter Garden.—Gaby Deslys and Annette Kellermann heading a big bill of amusing vaudeville and extravaganza.

· LIFE



Time and Opportunity Wa

LIFE.



portunity Wait for No Man

A Ballade of Uncommon Law

(After A Lawsuit.)

BY CHAS. C. JONES.

TWO hopeful men for office seek—

The one a Democrat,
The other named Republican;
But lawyers both, at that.
One serves a trust, the other serves
The Proletariat.

And I, who am a common man,
I snatch from toil an hour,
And hie me to the polling-place
With visage grim and sour;
I make my choice—and
straightway vote
A lawyer into power!

Now one must lose and one
must win—
This much is understood.
And one must sometime try
again
The fickle public's mood;
But one must legislate amongst
A legal brotherhood.

For in those halls where laws
are made,
No common man may draw
The breath that makes for elo-
quence,
Nor spring the ancient saw;
But lawyers come with lawyer
minds
To make a lawyer's law!

And when a law all newly-
born
These staid law-lovers
spring,
'Tis decked with words all
obsolete
And dead with some dead
king,
With Latin phrase and quirk
and crook—
A truly fearful thing!

And I, who am a common man,
Seek for the truth between
The cryptic lines, and when I
seek,
I find it not, I ween.
The truth may be within them,
but
I don't know what they
mean!

Accomplishing a Fell Purpose



For lawyers'—made by law-
yers—law,
It may be truly said,
In all its many moods must be
By them interpreted;
While Justice sits outside the
door
And holds her aching head!

That Wrong I name is truly
Right,
One able judge will show;
That Right is only Wrong dis-
guised,
Another bids me know;
And both—because so said a
man
Dead many years ago.

That Right as Right is some-
times Wrong,
I learn with hanging jaw;
That Wrong is Wrong, but
sometimes Right,
Is truth without a flaw;
I know not which be Right or
Wrong,
But Law is always Law!

And I, who am a common man,
Must linger on the fence,
And wait the word from legal
lips
To know the why and
whence
Of laws so framed that legal
phrase
Crowds out plain common
sense.

So laws are reared by law-
yers wise
In many a stately hall,
And lawyers know that they
should stand,
And know that they should
fall;
But I, the common man, I
know
That I know naught at all!

VISITOR (at the office of
the United States Blub-
ber Trust): Is your president
in?

OFFICE BOY: Naw; won't
be back for a year.
"Europe or jail?"
"Europe—now."

A DEER was killed in the
Adirondacks last fall,
the hunter having mistaken
it for his guide.

Americans at the Gate

"NEXT," called St. Peter. A dapper young fellow on the end of the bench yawned, arose, came forward with a side-wheeling motion and enveloped St. Peter in a huge exhalation of cigarette smoke. He was dressed in extreme style, trousers far above his shoe tops, hat pushed away back on his head and cane hooked over his forearm.

"Name, please!"

"I am the American Magnate, Junior."

"And you desire to come in?"

"Yes, if you don't mind—that is, for a little while, don't you know. Of course, it would be a terrible bore to stay very long."

"Yes, no doubt. Can you present any reason why you should be admitted?"

"Why, certainly. You know my father. My father was—"

"Never mind your father. We have dealt with him separately. Every man stands on his own merits here."

"Oh, I say, that's hardly fair. What's the use of being so strict about a little matter of that sort? Now, the Governor—"

"If you are referring to your father I must ask you again to leave him out of consideration. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Oh, I say, Pete, don't be a grouch. I have always been a good fellow."

"What do you mean by a good fellow?"

"Why, don't you know what that means? It means, don't you know, a fellow who always treats everybody right, a good spender and all that sort of thing."



"But have you been a good earner?"

"Earner! Oh, I say, what was the use of my being an earner when my father left me so much?"

"Well, since you insist upon mentioning your father, you may tell us what he did."

"He developed one of the most important industries of the country."

"And for that he was amply rewarded in both goods and honor?"

"I suppose so."

"And he saw that you got a good education and all possible advantages?"

"Oh, yes."

"And just because your father did something worth while you think that society should go on forever rewarding you and your brothers and sisters and wives and sons and daughters and nephews and nieces interminably?"

"I hadn't thought about it so far ahead as all that. But shouldn't I be rewarded for what my father did?"

"Would you expect that if a certain man had spent a large part of his time in jail that society should treat the son in the same way, whether he had done anything or not?"

"That's different."

"It may look different to you down there on earth, but to us up here it is exactly the same principle. But, let me ask, do you insist on receiving the same treatment here that we gave your father? You remember, no doubt, that he had some pretty black spots on his record. Do you insist?"

"Oh—er—that depends. Now what—"

"Here clerk! Find out from the records what we did to this fellow's father and give him the same treatment, with double severity."

Ellis O. Jones.

Talks With Great People

"I'M mighty glad to see you—d——n you!"

With this cheery greeting from the Colonel, we were ushered in past one of Lyman Abbott's sermons and nearly missing one of Hamilton W. Mabie's essays, were seated in the pleasantly decorated mausoleum, known as the contributing editor's retreat.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm glad to see anyone who can help me in the grand work of putting me right once more with the great American people. What do you charge for a reading notice, top of column, displayed next to one of your most interesting advertisements?"

Before we answered that question, we replied sternly:

"We want to know exactly what your opinion is of yourself. Do you belong to that great class of neurotic, intuitive, irresponsible, inaccurate, unmoral geniuses who miscontrol the destinies of man? Or are you just a platitudinous protuberance upon the face of destiny?"

His teeth gleamed in the oppressive semi-religious atmosphere. Hamilton Mabie was growling fiercely to himself in the next room over an article for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Dr. Lyman Abbott was chanting the doxology over a full page ad.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said, "if you won't give me away. I'm very much like other people. That is to say, I'm like Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt or Nat Goodwin, in respect to admiration—I have come to feed upon it. Between you and me, this being relegated to obscurity is killing me."

"Why don't you go into vaudeville?"

"What is the use of doing that when there is a chance of my becoming President again?"

"Is there very much difference?"

"Think of the difference in the audiences!"

"But how about the future of the American people? How about the great results to be accomplished in which we will all be like a happy family, sitting around drinking



"Putting me right once more with the American people"

buttermilk and going through all of the motions of a sterilized love feast?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "now you are talking; and me on a throne, having my moving picture taken for posterity!"

"And Taft?" we queried.

He smiled platitudinously.

"Will be remembered," he replied, "for having tried to hold down the seat of government while I was taking a brief vacation in Africa—and here."

Suspecting that Hamilton Mabie or Lyman Abbott might enter at any moment and attempt to read us one of their compositions, we hereupon discreetly withdrew.



AFTER THE SOCIALISTS GET IN

GEO. GUELPH

WM. HOHENZOLLERN

AL. BOURBON

NICK ROMANOFF

VICTOR E. SAVOY

GUS. BERNADOTTE



If Wishes Were Autos

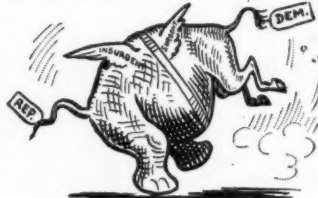


After the Battle

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



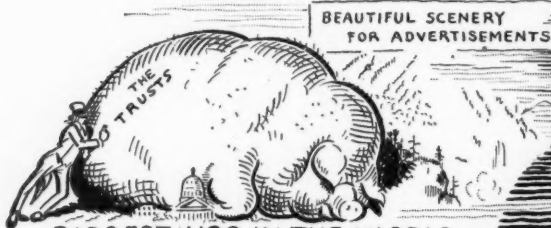
GIGANTIC SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS
SO BIG YOU DON'T READ THEM



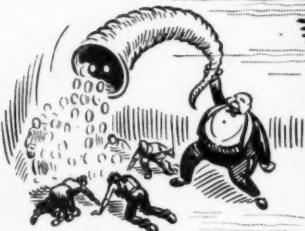
THE WHAT-IS-IT



WHIRLWIND RIDING
WHEN YOU GET TO YOUR DESTINATION
YOU WANT TO GO SOME PLACE ELSE



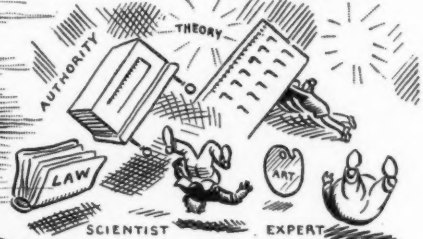
BIGGEST HOG IN THE WORLD



SPECTACULAR
CHARITY



GIANT AND PYGMY



EVERYTHING UPSET TOMORROW
THAT YOU PUT UP TODAY



GLORIOUS FANFARE OF SELF-
RESOUNDING FROM COAST TO



THE LUXURY OF ROME
AND BABYLON OUTRIVALLED

for young

- GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



GYMNASTIC WRITERS

TUMBLING OVER THEMSELVES
ON ALL SIDES OF A QUESTION



PEOPLE WHO GO 'ROUND AND
'ROUND' BUT NEVER GET ANYWHERE



-ADVERTISERS
COAST

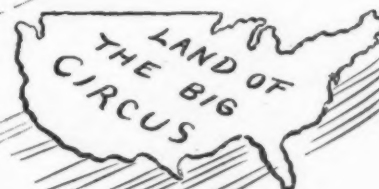


HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD

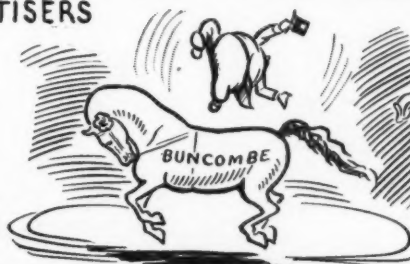


MOST DARING FEAT ON RECORD
CROSSING BROADWAY

COVERS
3,625,574
SQUARE MILES



ALL
NATIONALITIES
UNDER
ONE FLAG.



FLIP FLOP POLITICIANS



WILD LEAP
FROM FASHION
TO FASHION

GORGEOUS
GARGANTUAN
GRAFTERS.

SOCIETY QUEENS
SANCTIMONIOUS
SYCOPHANTS
CONFUSION!
DELUSION!



THE WORLD RENOWNED MRS. GRUNDY
AND HER JUMPING MONKEYS.

PART VULTURE AND PART MAN

ADMISSION
FREE



WHEN AUTOMOBILES ARE RUN BY LAUGHING GAS

"Motormania"

THERE lives a woman in our town,
 She's old, dried up and worn.
 Her shabby clothes are hand-me-down,
 Her aspect is forlorn.
 In spite of this it will be seen
 She owns an up-to-date machine.

Her home is bare and lonely
 quite;
 Her food the kind that kills;
 But though life's one continuous
 fight
 With poverty and ills,
 She flits by like a shooting
 star,
 Driving a 40 H. P. car.

She's mortgaged everything she
 owns,
 The pawnshops have her
 gems;
 A pauper's grave awaits her
 bones
 When Death her lifeline
 stems.
 But still, I know, with
 cheerful mien
 She'd trade her soul for
 gasoline.

W. W. Quinton.

HUSBAND: How was the
 woman's club session?

WIFE: Best time I ever had.
 I was the best-dressed woman
 present.

"SO you think the author of this
 play will live, do you?" re-
 marked the tourist.

"Yes," replied the manager of the
 Frozen Dog Opera House. "He's got
 a five-mile start and I don't think the
 boys kin ketch him."

The Whirlwind Crop

IN 1896 we produced that classical
 melodrama, "Sowing the Wind,"
 with Mr. Bryan in the title-role. Har-
 vest time is at hand.

At that time so much foolishness
 was spoken and written of the money
 question and the money power that the
 people and the honest reformers grew
 tired and disgusted. The money ques-
 tion was not settled. It was merely
 mixed with moth balls and tenderly
 laid in cold storage.

Now we are afraid to take it out.
 We should love to talk about it among
 ourselves, but we hesitate lest we
 thereby unloosen a flood of oratory
 which will leave us more confused than
 before. We would suggest, therefore,
 to Senator Aldrich and his merry band
 of Treasury looters that they are quite
 safe in proposing whatever currency
 reforms may seem most favorable to
 them. We shall make no outcry. We
 are reaping the whirlwind.

HOPELESSLY involved — Henry
 James.



A HINT TO CHAUFFEURS

IF YOU MEAN TO STRIKE FOR HIGHER WAGES, WAIT FOR A FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY

Pity the Parents

SINCE the passing of the home, and that effete institution known as "mother," there still remain those doubtful individuals, the parents, who grope their way along the corridors of hotels, or in gloomy flats, or subsist as best they can, in the remoter suburban districts.

The race of parents—while, according to the statisticians, rapidly diminishing—still has its uses. It provides a certain kind of shelter, and is a kind of headquarters where money can be obtained for all sorts of youthful entertainments. Parents are still necessary; they exist in considerable numbers, and it is to their pathetic condition that we would call attention.

We would not for one moment be classed among those crude people who are continually harping on the good old days, at the expense of the present. Doubtless the present, in many happy respects, is far better than the past. Nevertheless, we would call respectful attention to the undoubted fact that there was a time when children had a childhood; and it was in this childhood that parents renewed their youth. They picked up the baby just when they themselves were beginning to feel the effects of time, and by living over with him their own adolescence, they achieved a second youth—one full of promise and much more complete than the first, because it came during a time of increased experience.

This is now all past. Inasmuch as our children no longer have a childhood, the poor parents are left high and dry, and shelter themselves as best they may behind their own increasing ignorance.

The baby, at a comparatively youthful age, is "scientifically" treated. Any remote suggestion of loving him is scouted as being abnormal; at four he is sent to a kindergarten, where he learns to dissimulate and improve upon nature; at six he is regularly installed upon his educational career, becomes the member of a local club or secret

society, enters upon his duties as secretary of the basket ball team and begins to long for custom-made clothes. At ten he knows all the different makes of automobiles, has graduated from United States History and is openly smoking cigarettes.

Some time ago a joke was perpetrated upon the American people by Mr. Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who endeavored to propagate an era of When-to-tell-the-children.

Our own personal observation is to the effect that there is no period so remote in the life of the modern child that he is not able to tell his parents more than they ever dreamed of knowing. The successful efforts of children to conceal

their own knowledge from their parents—to appear startled by the sugar-coated truths that the deluded parents impart to them on the instalment plan—are delightful.

This one enjoyment is, indeed, about the only pleasure left to the parents, so far as the renewal of their own youth is concerned. In all other respects, the children are frankly their superiors and much older than they are.

Let us hope, therefore, that they, along with Mr. Bok, will still cherish the delusion that when they impart to the children some of the secrets of nature, they are telling something new.



HELP WANTED—MALE

Fate, the Jester

*THE planets are bells on his motley,
He fleers at the stars in their state,
He banters the suns burning hotly—
The Jester whose nickname is Fate.*

*The lanterns that kindle their rays with
The comets, are food for his mirth;
But oh, how he laughs as he plays with
His mad little bauble, the Earth!*

*He looks on the atomies crowding
The face of our pitiful ball;
His form in the nebulae shrouding,
He chuckles, unnoted of all*

*The valorous puppets that chatter
Superbly of Little and Great.
A flip of his finger would shatter
The dreams of these "Masters of
Fate"—*

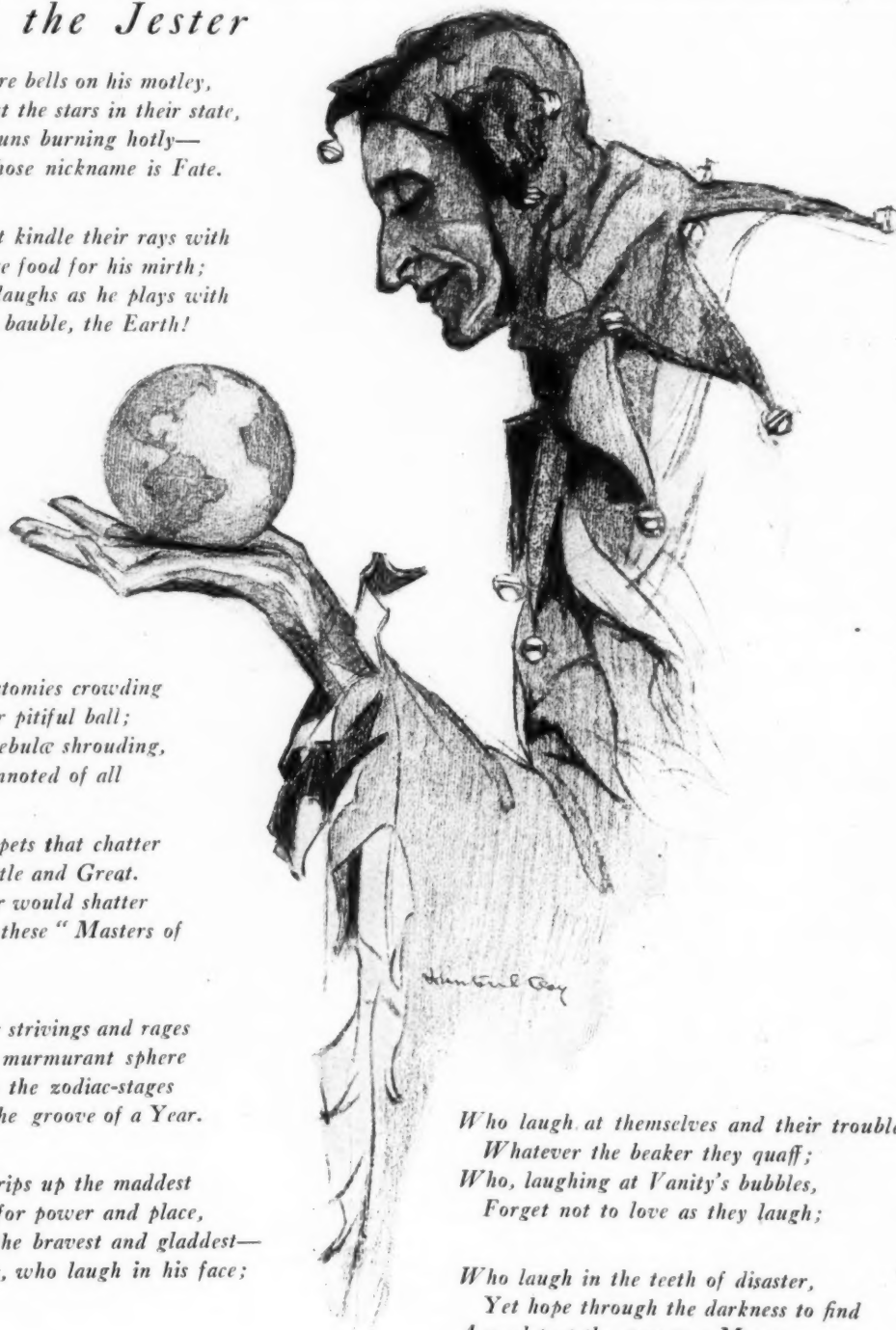
*He laughs at their strivings and rages
And tosses the murmuring sphere
To bowl through the zodiac-stages
That measure the groove of a Year.*

*He laughs as he trips up the maddest
Who scramble for power and place,
But laughs with the bravest and gladdest—
Fate's comrades, who laugh in his face;*

*Who laugh at themselves and their troubles
Whatever the beaker they quaff;
Who, laughing at Vanity's bubbles,
Forget not to love as they laugh;*

*Who laugh in the teeth of disaster,
Yet hope through the darkness to find
A road past the stars to a Master
Of Fate in the vastness behind.*

Arthur Guiterman.



The Antics of Maiden Aunts

THE book reviewer in so far resembles the race-suicider that his wisdom, if he has any, has to be justified by other people's children. He occupies, in fact, in the family of letters, very much the position of a maiden aunt. Both are highly convenient adjuncts in over-prolific households. Both are constantly consulted and very often even listened to in the little crises of daily life. And since both thus have the prognosticating habit thrust upon them, both occasionally come to fancy themselves as prophets, forgetful of the fact that the utmost recognition likely to be accorded to either of them in that capacity is to have it recalled some day that "Poor Aunt Julia always said Jim was a born mechanic."

But let it be recorded to the credit of both branches of the profession that in the huge majority of cases there is more rejoicing in the maiden auntish heart over one young scapegrace for whom the noose has been predicted, but who grows up and gets himself elected President, than over half a dozen chances of saying "I told you so" at a hanging.

Ten years ago Theodore Dreiser, the bad boy who wrote "Sister Carrie," was consigned to the gallows by all of us aunts. He had, we felt, not only been playing with very disreputable children and had picked up information that no nice boy would have had any curiosity about, but he repeated it at the family table in language that was decidedly gutterish. And what was still worse, he showed an unmistakably angry and disrespectful attitude toward his elders. He did not say "Papa, do you know . . . ?" He said, in effect, "You're a gol darned nice bunch o' blokes, you are, to be sittin' here with your eyes shut and your ears stuffed with cotton wool, while . . . !" Which manifestly wasn't manners. And which was greeted with a chorus of "For shame, Theodore!" which appeared to end the incident, since Theodore immediately ran away to sea and has never been heard from since. Nevertheless, as time has gone on, we have not only discovered to our surprise that that flare-up at table has remained in our minds when hundreds of supposedly happier events have been forgotten, but we have come to see (as aunts will when they grow less maidenish in their later maidenhood) that it may not after all have been a predisposition to the scaffold that we detected in Theodore, but merely the intolerance of immaturity directed against the intolerable smugness of the family attitude. And some of us, bless our hearts, have even wondered at times (when the needs of the younger children gave us a little time for reflection) what Theodore might have developed into if we had given him a chance!

Well, Theodore has come back, and to tell the truth we needn't have worried. We can even console our consciences with the thought that if our failure to make allowances had really anything to do with his shipping as a sailor, we have reason to be glad that we're ashamed of ourselves.

For although the author of "Jennie Gerhardt" (Harpers, \$1.20) has not altogether outgrown the crudities that sometimes almost suggested illiteracy in the author of "Sister Carrie," the last trace of adolescent rancor and belligerent championship has departed from his attitude. He



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Bargain Book, by Charles E. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. A volume of English chit-chat about curio hunters, dealers, and the American invasion and looting of British art treasures.

Ethan Frome, by Edith Wharton. The carefully deployed story of a grim tragedy in a New England back-water.

The Footlights—Fore and Aft, by Channing Pollock. A good newspaper account of the business mechanism of the theatre.

The Fruitful Vine, by Robert Hichens. The rum, Roman rebellion of a long, languishing lady. A dose of literary opium that leaves a bad taste in the mouth without having given you any dreams.

George Bernard Shaw, by Archibald Henderson. A long heralded biography, out at last, and, in a matter-of-fact way, well worth having waited for.

The Gods and Mr. Perrin, by Hugh Walpole. An excellent story of the tragi-comic developments of a fall term in the masters' hall at an English boarding school.

Jean Christophe in Paris, by Romain Roland. In which *Christophe* does a thinking part while M. Roland talks about French art.

Laughter, by Henri Bergson. An "essay on the meaning of the comic" that digs deeper into human nature in words of one syllable than any book shown on the records of this office.

A Likely Story, by William De Morgan. In which an East End marital squabble, a West End love affair and a Mediæval Italian romance are driven three abreast with delicate horse-manship.

The Man Who Understood Women, by Leonard Merrick. Sixteen short stories, mostly of Parisian Bohemia, and mostly good reading.

Mother, by Kathleen Norris. A little book that I am going to review, but that you might read without waiting.

Peter and Wendy, by J. M. Barrie. An altogether delightful story version of the author's "Peter Pan."

returns, from we know not what journeys of the spirit, to bring to us in this history of a technical outcast—a history so commonplace as almost to appear common, and so revelatory of reality as almost to seem like mere "realism"—the ultimate message of all travel—that true beauty often lies close at home, unnoticed, and that we often draw aside our maiden auntish skirts as we pass it—and the eternally restated message of art—that life's deepest meanings are often hidden from us by our ideas of life. But these messages are not spoken. They are implicit. And even to put them into words is perhaps to do the story an injustice. Let us rather say that in "Jennie Gerhardt" Mr. Dreiser has striven, with a simplicity of purpose that awkwardnesses of performance occasionally mar but never defeat, to place before us that most humdrum and homely, yet most romantic, of all histories and that most obscure yet most pregnant of all messages, the unbiased and unadorned story of a human life.

J. B. Kerfoot.

When About to Propose

SOME DON'TS

DON'T mention the weather.

Don't select a chair on the other side of the room.

If you hold her hand, don't keep swinging it up and down while talking to her as if you were hammering something.

Don't mutter to yourself.

Don't begin by saying that you have something on your mind.

Don't be impulsive and try to force her head on your shoulder before the psychological moment.

Don't address the window pane.

Don't pace the floor.

Don't clasp your hands together. Same with your lips.

Don't talk between your teeth.

Don't take one of her hands in both of yours.

Don't keep your eyes fixed persistently on the end of her nose while you are talking.

Don't refer even remotely to the cost of living. It is bad taste to imply that love in any sense is bound by natural laws.

Don't pull the braid off the best sofa pillow.

Don't sit for a long time without saying anything.

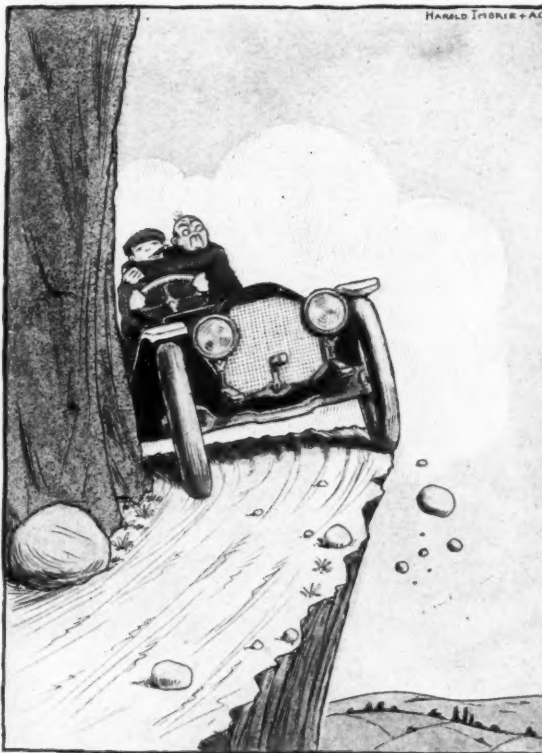
Don't pant.

Baffled Chris

COLUMBUS deftly stood the egg on end, then waited for the applause.

"That's all right enough," said the audience, "but show us how to buy a really fresh egg."

Frowning grimly, Columbus replaced the egg in his coat pocket and sailed for America.



"GREAT SCOTT, MAN! BE CAREFUL! Y-Y-YOU ALMOST S-S-SENT US OVER."

"YES, I KEEP FORGETTING THAT I'M NOT IN MY AEROPLANE."

Well?

DOES your child break into the conversation when you have visitors?

Does he leave his clothes lying all over the house?

Does he answer you back in the presence of others, and when you tell him to do anything, does he begin to argue the matter with you?

Does he eat surreptitiously between meals, and lie out of it?

Does he lay his hands on almost anything he wants to make something out of without asking your permission?

Does he fall into a passion of desire over some article of clothing that you hesitate about getting for him, and then take a sudden dislike to it and absolutely refuse to wear it?

Does he come down late to breakfast?

Does he say "Huh"? "Gee!"?

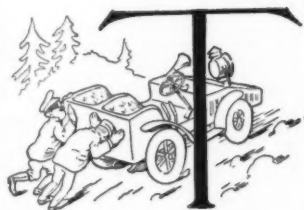
And if not, why not? You are his parent and he is living in the United States of America.



THE NEXT ADVANCE OF AVIATION
THE SIMPLE OPERATION OF GRAFTING WINGS

The Ultimate Purchase

BY BURGESS JOHNSON



TOBIAS mounted his front steps, two at a time, and violently rattled the door knob, too impatient to remove his glove and search for the key. The door was opened by a stalwart young man clad in red plaid smoking robe and carpet slippers, who barred ingress by holding the door slightly ajar. In one hand he held a yachting magazine, a finger marking the interrupted story.

"Ahoj there, Tobias," he drawled. "What's the rush? Anything afire?"

"Let me in," Tobias panted. "It's O. K. Where's Letty?—Ames sold that Meadowhurst lot—we can do it!"

The front door was released with some alacrity. "Jove, are you going to do it now?"

"As soon as possible," said Tobias.

Letty came through the dining room dusting her hands on her apron. As she approached, she grasped the import of her husband's reply.

"Oh, Tobias," she shrilled. "Are you really going to, and right away?" and throwing her arms about him she stamped the imprint of two floury hands upon his back.

"Well, I shall do it as soon as we are sure of ourselves and have given the matter fair consideration," said Tobias, assuming now a dignified judicial expression. "By the way, where are those ads?"

"I gave them to Jack," said Letty.

Brother Jack acquiesced a bit sheepishly. "I've got 'em," he said. "I think you are making a mistake, but if you're going to do it I thought you'd want some sane, disinterested advice from an outside expert."

He fussed through a little pile of magazines on the library table while his brother-in-law laid aside coat and hat.

"Here they are," said Jack, discovering a little pack of torn magazine pages held together by a clip.

"There's some enticing reading there, all right," he added. "But I wish you'd go in for a good yawl with that money. I know of a bird—and you could put in auxiliary power if you're so stuck on gasoline."

Letty looked at him grievously. "You know Jack, I couldn't take the children to school every day in a yawl."

"You could if you lived nearer the canal," said Jack, in feeble self-defense. "And if the school lay in the right direction," he added lamely.

"Boats aren't even thinkable," said Tobias emphatically. "What's that advertisement you put on top?"

"That," said Jack—"oh, that's the 'Go-mobile.' She sounds good and I like the cut of her jib—floats on an even keel, trim looking aft, with rakish lines on the foremast and wheel."

"Do you mean the bias effect on those front things?" asked Letty, much interested. "I like that, too, but it can't

be very important. And I do like more trimming—it looks so plain. Some of them have such nice hems and ruching and insertion along the edges."

"You're right to a certain extent, my dear," said Tobias approvingly. "We must consider size and price and adaptability to our requirements. The appearance comes afterward. I suggest that we group them first according to price and durability." He took the pages and began sorting them. "Dear me," he murmured a moment later, "so far all of these say they are the cheapest. Here is the 'Hurryup,' for instance. Let me read it. *'Can you afford a horse? If so, you can better afford a 'Hurryup.' If you cannot afford a horse, you must have a 'Hurryup.' It eats no oats. A thorough trial of strength between an average horse and our car, killed the horse. It cost us during the trial one-half a cent per mile to run our machine. Think what it cost the horse! Order to-day or you will be too late!'*"

"Oh, dear!" said Letty, "that sounds so savage. Aren't there any gentle machines advertised?"

"This next is a motor truck," said Tobias, passing it over casually.

"Oh, wait," Letty stopped him, "let me see. It looks so roomy. What does 'the trip, the truck and the trophy' mean?"

"Oh, it seems to have carried things from somewhere to somewhere else at such a low cost it won a prize."

"But why should it cost anything to go somewhere in your own machine? Do you have to put a cent into some slot every mile you go? I don't want that kind. It must be like a taxicab."

"You don't understand," said Tobias, gently. "Any machine costs to maintain and operate even after you have bought it."

"I suppose it's all right if you say so," Letty sighed confidingly, "and I like that truck. You could put the baby's icebox and carriage on it for long trips and have a stove to heat up the milk."

"We couldn't expect to do all that on a machine," remonstrated Tobias.

"Why not," championed Jack. "Look for that one in there, with a galley amidships. There she is. She ain't so bad. *'The Halmars Harletemette—the last word in touring cars. Combination folding-bed seats and complete kitchenette, with hot and cold water. Why rent a flat and move once a month when you can live in your car and move all the time? 1918 Model now ready.'*"

"Impossible," said Tobias firmly, checking the evident enthusiasm of the other two. "I'd be ashamed to go to the office every morning in my car with Letty making up beds in the back seat."

"Well, it's very hard to chose from just reading about them," said Letty wearily. "What is a carburetor anyway, and a clutch, for instance?"



Grizzly: HELLO, BROTHER, ANYTHING GOOD TO EAT?

"A carburetor—why—hum—Jack, tell her—I can't put things clearly while I'm trying to read all this stuff."

"Sure," said Jack, "a carburetor—why—it's an indicator that shows the rate the car is going. And a clutch—is a shiny brass rod in front of the after-thwart that you hang onto in heavy seas."

"Oh," said Letty; "and what are crank shafts and spark plugs?"

"The shaft the propeller is attached to," answered Jack readily "is the crank shaft; and spark plugs—let me see—they go under different names in different localities, and a fellow gets a little confused. But I think that when the rail's awash and the scuppers fill, you can pull out a plug and clear 'em out."

"It surprises me, Jack," said Tobias heartily, "how soon you pick up technical information."

"Any sporting man," Jack modestly acknowledged, "does the same thing."

Letty was busy again over the advertisements. "Oh, Tobias," she suddenly exclaimed, "listen to this: '*The U-Oughta-Car. A modern family machine. It takes husband to the office. It takes wife shopping. It gives baby an airing. When overheated it cooks the meals. Release the clutch and apply our patent attachment, it does the washing and mending. Everything, in fact, but upstairs work. N. B.—We are training our 1914 Light Runabout to sweep and dust and make the beds.*'"

"Too domestic," said Jack definitely. "I like that next one better. Look here: '*The Carramba. It stands alone. Looks like a gunboat and wears better. Be sure that S. H. & M. is on the binding. 99 and 44/100 pure. It floats.*' That's the boy for me, so far as the picture goes. Real sporty look."

"Please, Jack," said Letty earnestly, "remember, you are helping to buy a car for us, not for you. You're going away in a week. Though you know," she added hastily, fearing that her words had sounded inhospitable, "we've urged and urged you to stay."

"I know," said Jack, patting her affectionately on the back, "and I really do want to help you out. Why not

read some of this dope they call 'Advice to Buyers?' You'll find it there in some of those pages." Jack took them and ran through the pack hastily. "Here it is," he added—"Answers to Correspondents." Jack read mumbly down through the columns—"How can I get better wear out of my tires?" . . . "What is the best way to dilute gasoline?" . . . "Is there an official code of signals between drivers to indicate police?" . . . "What is the best smell absorber?" . . . Ah! here we are—"Can you recommend a serviceable car for quiet family use, and what is a reasonable price? Any car advertised in our columns is reliable, and will be as quiet as you like. A reasonable price depends upon your bank account. You want enough left to pay your fines."

"That doesn't seem to help," said Tobias perplexedly. "We might write to that department ourselves and describe minutely what we need."

Jack eyed him thoughtfully. "I've got it," he shouted, "gimme a pencil!" Seizing a blank scrap of paper, he sat down and scribbled violently. "There!" he concluded in triumph, "insert this ad in all the papers."

A gentleman and his wife of moderate income and simple tastes desire to buy a new and suitable automobile. They will examine samples daily after five p.m. until the 18th of this month in front of their residence.

"That's the day I leave," he added, in explanation. "It will make it easy for you to entertain me during the remainder of my stay, and you have the benefit of my expert advice during all the trials."

The magnitude of the idea overwhelmed his relatives for a moment. Tobias broke the silence. "It's a good idea! We can be judicious, and do nothing blindly. It will prevent reckless expenditure, and enable us to consult fully all our tastes—and incidentally we may learn something of operation. You may insert the ad, Jack, wherever you think it will reach the attention of agents."

A postal card from Jack to Letty, dated the 16th:

"DEAR SIS.—I am not much on letters, as you know. Had a fine time visiting you, even if the last four days were pretty strenuous. Hope you'll forgive me for leaving ahead of my time. Hurry up and write me what you finally decided.

"Yours,
"JACK."

P. S.—I can never forget that first day when your street was blocked and the police made traffic regulations for us.

Tobias to Jack on the 22d:

"DEAR JACK.—Letty did not get your card and I am replying in her stead. She slipped out of the house in disguise, through the cellar window on the 14th, after trying the 300th car, and I am making her spend a short time at a rest cure. I stayed to the end, saw 471 agents and took short experimental rides in 635 cars. After the sixth day I refused to consider speed tests. You will be interested to learn that, owing to a certain increasing emphasis in the manner of the agents and my own weakening stamina, I have mortgaged the house and assigned my insurance and purchased the last four cars examined.

"Thanking you for all your suggestions and advice, I remain,

"Your brother-in-law,
"TOBIAS."

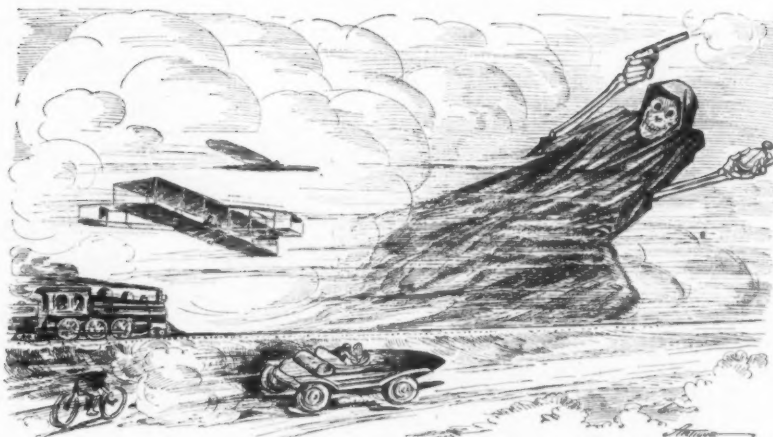
The Urge

I WATCHED the rimester ply his craft—
 Poor, futile verses, simply made
 To please an idle few, who laughed
 And then forgot—a thankless trade.
 “Why do you write these trifling
 rimes?”

Half wistfully he smiled. Said he:
 “I wonder! Well, I think, sometimes,
 Because this stuff expresses—me.”

Awestruck, o’ercome, I stood beside
 The mighty one, whose giant pen
 Had written epics that would bide
 Forever in the hearts of men.
 “Why, master, has thy soul been stirred
 To voice in song thy people’s woes?”
 “Because, my son, the rate per word
 For verse is higher than for prose.”

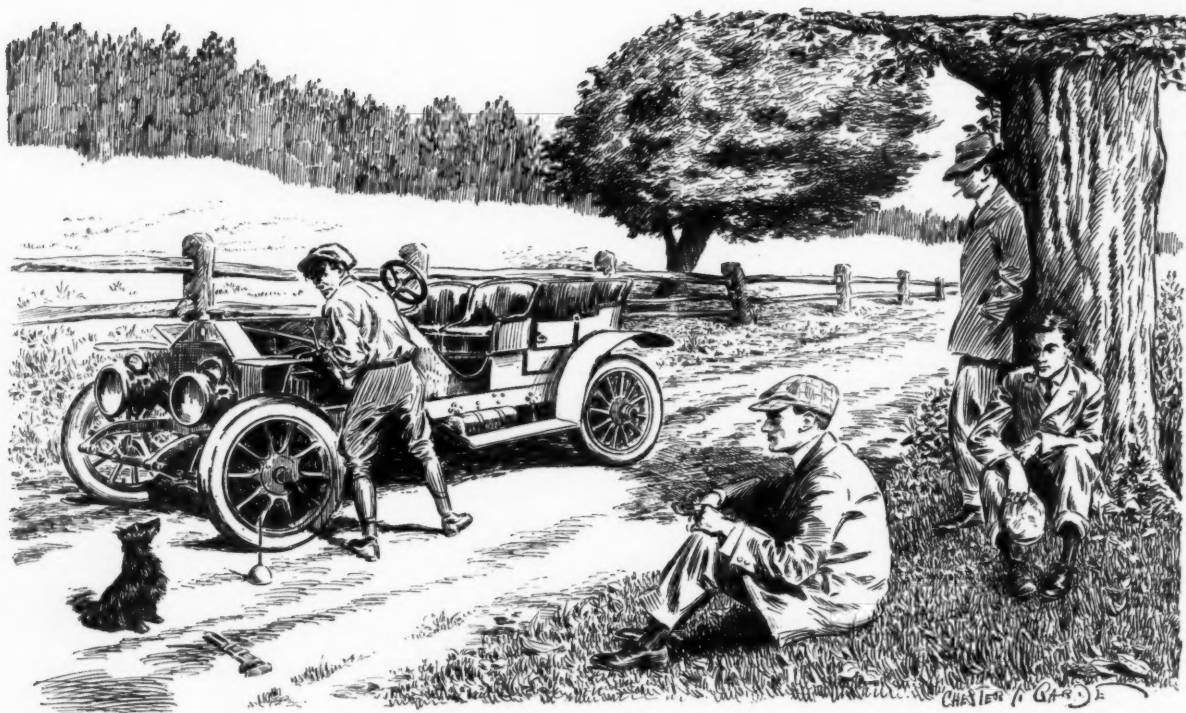
Deems Taylor.



SPEED!



Little Daughter of Politician: MOTHER, IS EVERYBODY HERE IN FAVOR OF GOD?



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Chorus: WISH WE COULD HELP YOU, OLD MAN

Essay On New Year's

*Written especially for Life by Professor Logarithm of
Princeton University*

NEW YEAR'S comes but once a year. Every normal year has its New Year's, as have also the abnormal years. This is significant, but it is for that reason, none the less indisputable. New Year's, being the beginning of the year, is separated in point of time from the end of the year by exactly a year's interval, or approximately three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, nine minutes, nine and five-sixteenth seconds. All these odd hours and minutes and seconds make an extra day every four years, but as this matter is attended to by February, it has nothing to do with the subject of New Year's, which comes, as we might say, more particularly in the scope of January.

New Year's then, as we have seen, is separated, roughly speaking, by a period of twelve months from the end of the year, but of the same year only. From the end of the preceding year, strange to say, it is separated by such an infinitesimally small space of time that it may be said to be in veritable juxtaposition therewith; while obviously, on the other hand, New Year's is separated from the end of the year following by two years and so on up to Y years. If T is the time from beginning of B years to end of Y years, then $T = Y - B + 1$.

Authorities agree that New Year's is an exact science

with respect to its periodicity, but no one has ever given a real good reason why New Year's should occur a week or so after the winter solstice. Some say our forefathers were shooting at the solstice, but missed. If anyone but our forefather had done this, the matter would probably have been looked into long since.



The Large One: O JOY, HIPS ARE COMING BACK!



THE TIME FUSE

The Last Eruption of Vesuvius

"GEORGE is going to get married."

As Mrs. Landstand uttered these tragic words she looked at her husband in agony. Mr. Landstand was a short, stout man, with a face whose features from long attrition over office ledgers had been focussed to a point represented by the end of his rather red nose. He was a pleasant, good-natured man, whose sole ambition was to rest after his meals and read the morning and evening papers, which he pursued with an undeviating passion.

Mrs. Landstand was also short and stout, and being possessed of that magic prop known as "money of her own," she had—in addition to other abilities—acquired a kind of dominance over her husband, which was expressed in certain volubilities. With it all, she had that unanswerable thing which, when it is spoken of, sounds like an accusation against the person referred to—namely, a "kind heart." George, defiantly smoking his cigarette in the next room, was their idol.

"Impossible," muttered Mr. Landstand.

"I knew how it would be," went on Mrs. Landstand. "I knew that some creature would get him away from us. He is so handsome," she whispered, just loud enough for George to hear her, "and, besides, he has a winning manner; they cannot resist him."

Mr. Landstand thumbed his black pipe reflectively. He would like to have said that, after all, it might be a good thing for George, but from long experience with his matrimonial Vesuvius, he refrained.

"Who is the young lady?" he asked at last.

At this point George sauntered in. George had had a varied career. He had been two years in college for one thing. And for another, he had had, since leaving college, half a dozen positions, from each of which he had gracefully and courageously retired, because of a difference of opinion between him and the management as to how the business ought to be run. George thought that the hours were too long. He thought that the pay was too small for

an intellect like his. Then, again, George was constantly startled by the pull that other men—all of them with contemptible intellects—had over him.

After each retirement, George came home and told about the way he had been treated, told of the absurd blindness to his value, of the conspiracies that had been hatched against him, of how he had magnanimously stood it as long as he could, and of how finally there was absolutely nothing to do in order to maintain his self-respect but to withdraw from the business and let it decay.

In these recitals, George's mother was with him, heart and soul. She felt that it was only a question of time when someone would have the discernment enough to estimate George at his real worth. George's father agreed to everything. Once he nudged George privately in the ribs, and advised him to "get a move on," but this treasonable utterance having been promptly reported by George to his mother with the remark that "father was also against him," there was an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, accompanied by a flow of domestic lava that took days to cool off; and Mr. Landstand finally emerged from the ashes of repentance a sadder and a wiser man.

"She's all right!" exclaimed George, in answer to his father's question.

"Has she got any money?" asked Mr. Landstand, looking at his better half out of the corner of the eye.

"You don't suppose I would ask her a thing like that, do you?" said George. "Well I guess not. There's something else in the world besides money," he continued.

Mrs. Landstand was softly sobbing. As for Mr. Landstand, he had reached his verbal limit. He filled his pipe slowly and conspicuously.

"George, you must break it off!" exclaimed Mrs. Landstand passionately. "I can't think of such a thing as your marrying at your age. Why, it is simply out of the question. There is nobody good enough for you, anyway. I shall see the young lady myself. I—"

"There she comes now," cried George, suddenly throwing away his

cigarette and looking out of the window. She said she would call on you. Now, mother, brace up. You must—"

A handsome young woman got out of a small auto and ascended the steps of the Landstand home. A cheery voice was heard in the hallway. "May I come in?" said somebody, and in a moment, before, indeed, Mrs. Landstand had had time fully to dry her eyes, George's girl stood before them.

"I am so glad to see you both," she said, kissing Mrs. Landstand and shaking hands with her future father-in-law. "Oh, indeed, I have so much to tell you. How I met George, what I have said to him and about our getting married. I suppose you think this is awfully sudden, but, then, I have to do things that way; you see I have always earned my living, and I am accustomed to think for myself."

She was undeniably pretty; there was a freshness about her, a control, that was astonishing to both parents, who had imagined something quite different.

She suddenly turned to George.

"You were smoking," she exclaimed.

"Only one," said George, sheepishly.

"Why did you ever permit him to smoke?" asked the girl, turning to George's mother. "Don't you know it's the worse thing for a fellow of his nervous temperament? How do you expect him to get on in the world? Don't you know that nowadays a man has to have all his faculties about him?"

"How dare you—" exclaimed Mrs. Landstand.

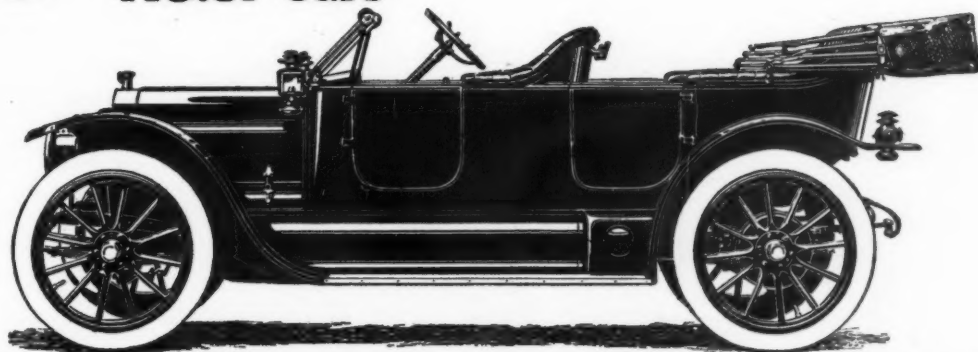
The girl went on fearlessly.

"You mean well," she said, "but you don't understand. George has been coddled. George needs someone to tell him what is the matter with him. Do you realize that George has had five jobs in the last two years and hasn't made good in any one of them? Who's to blame? You are, because you haven't brought him him up right. Now you simply can't get mad at me," she went on, with a smile, "because you know I am in love with George, and I'm going to see him through, and I am only telling the truth. He's got to begin all over again, and I am going to help him. You won't know George

(Concluded on page 98)

Rambler

Motor Cars



The Rambler Cross Country—\$1650

The Most Comfortable Car In America

Selling Below \$2500

It's a 38 h. p. five passenger touring car with 120 inch wheel base, 36x4 inch tires and demountable wheels—a rare combination of power, comfort and appearance.

It's long—it's low—it's roomy. Low with drop frame and new spring suspension. Long with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy with tonneau seat four feet wide—31 inches of leg room—enough for the tallest man—27 inches from front seat to dash and wide elbow room at the wheel. The most comfortable car in America selling below \$2500.

Ride 200 Miles Without Fatigue

Step into this car and you are dominated by a feeling of spacious ease and gratifying comfort. In a ten minute ride you grin in spite of yourself through rare delight. You may tour all day with pleasure and return without fatigue.

The upholstery is of such pleasing softness that even the invalid may ride without discomfort—cushions 8 inches deep made from finest selected long hair. Rear cushion has 45 double action steel spring coils.

Front springs 39 inches long—rear 52 inches long—axle of I-beam type set forward under radiator—road clearance 10 inches—front edge of tonneau seat 9 inches ahead of rear axle—front seat 45 inches wide—120 inch wheel base and 36 inch wheels.

Now, do you wonder that it's the easiest riding—easiest to drive and easiest to turn around—no other make at \$2,500 can touch it.

Delight to Drivers

You must experience the feel of that Cross Country wheel. It's a delight. Think of the unconscious ease with which you guide a bicycle. It's just that. Your arms don't tire. Your legs don't cramp. Both levers are inside and the sound of the motor—just the sweetest hum that turns instantly in a snappy roar when the cut-out is open.

Silent, long and lean, with swift moving lines, the Cross Country has grace, suggestion of speed and beauty of contour.

Snap! Ginger! Power!

To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. In the traffic of Fifth Avenue it will creep along at 4 miles per hour—on the open road it tops it off at fifty. It took Abbey Hill, New York, on high gear with five people, starting at 22 miles per hour and going 30 miles at top.

It took Viaduct Hill on high, starting at 25, dropping to 12 at the crest and going at 18 at the top, passing two high priced cars going up in the gears.

It took City Line Hill, Philadelphia, on high, Rondout Hill at Kingston, N. Y., with 6 passengers and climbed State Street Hill, Albany, from river to Capitol on high with six passengers.

It starts quickly and stops quickly—a motor car virtue that has saved many an accident. The braking surface is 400 square inches.

Looks Like \$2500

A big car of exceeding beauty; few people have guessed its price on sight at below \$2500. Finished in English Purple Lake—a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel, with bonnet, fenders and fillers in black enamel, with 9¼-inch lamps in black enamel and nickel. You'll find the same equipment on cars selling at \$2500.

Fenders of sweeping grace, radiator of new and distinctive design—doors 20 inches wide and open fully with no outside latches.

Rakish, low and balanced perfectly, you can put her around a corner in a jiffy and the rear end will hug the road.

Why the \$1650 Price?

"Why such a car at this price?"

Here's the reason: The Rambler was first to offer a *real* bicycle for less than \$100. The Rambler is now first to offer a *real* car below \$2,000.

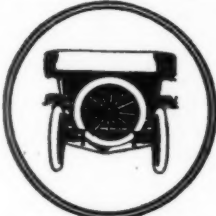
For years we have built high priced cars, educated our mechanics to greater skill, developed our factory until we now are able to produce the Cross Country. The public is ready. The Cross Country is here—it's the flag bearer for 1912—sure to be a Rambler year. To see this car is to want it—write for the name of the nearest dealer—ask for the Rambler Magazine.

Ten Other Styles, Including Open and Closed Cars of 38 and 50 Horse Power

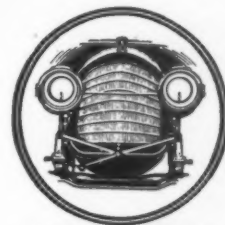
Equipment —Bosch duplex ignition. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps. Large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roof rack, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top, with envelope, \$30. Mud shield, \$35. Demountable Wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, \$30. Self Starter \$175.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco
See this car in the Grand Central Palace Automobile Show, Jan. 10-17; at Section H, first floor.



Spare Tire on demountable wheel carried in rear, eliminates worry about tire trouble. This demountable wheel can be changed in five minutes.



New radiator of popular and distinctive type—12,000 square inches of cooling surface—9¼ inch headlights, in black and nickel—radiator cap of exclusive design.



A Pessimist

The "duffer" at golf becomes so used to finding himself in all kinds of out-of-the-way places that he hits every ball in the confident expectation of getting into difficulties with it. Such a player was he who speaks thus in the St. Louis Post-Despatch:

"Is this your ball over here?"

"Is it in a hole?"

"Yes."

"A deep hole?"

"Yes."

"With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?"

"Yes."

"Then it's my ball, all right."

—Youth's Companion.

"Do you love me, darling?" she coaxed.

"Sweetheart, I love every hair on your bureau!" he fervently answered.

—Michigan Gargoyle.



FASHION PLATE, 1912

Different Viewpoints

OLD LADY: There is one thing I notice particularly about that young man who calls to see you. He seems to have an inborn, instinctive respect for woman. He treats every woman as though she were a being from a higher sphere, to be approached only with the utmost delicacy and deference.

GRANDDAUGHTER (sweet eighteen): Yes, he's horridly bashful.

—Four Leaf Clover.

Pa is Surprised

"Pa, what is a pillory?"

"A what?"

"A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday and I didn't know."

"Why, that's a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"—Washington Herald.

An Understudy

"You look very tired, young man; are you overworked?"

"I'm studying for a minister, sir."

"Well, why in the world don't you let him study for himself?"

—Yonkers Statesman.

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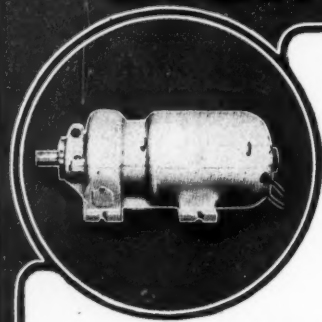
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For Your New Car GRAY & DAVIS LIGHTING DYNAMO SYSTEM



No Other Lighting System Like This —In a Class By Itself—

Here are the facts. Read them. Surely you will acknowledge that your car is not completely equipped without this system. You secure the most brilliant light. Adjusted by a thumb screw. Just turn a switch on the dash and all or part of your lamps are lighted. Consider the convenience, comfort and utility of this Dynamo. Tell your dealer to furnish GRAY & DAVIS Dynamo with your new car. See it and GRAY & DAVIS Electric Lamps at the Shows.

What This System Is:

GRAY & DAVIS Dynamo is a miniature electric plant, weighing but 19½ lbs., operated by the motor. Requires but 1/6 H. P. to run it, needs no attention after being installed. As compact as a magneto. Saves recharging of batteries and gas tank. Adds distinction to your car. As reliable as the system which lights your home or office. It furnishes current for power horn, inspection lamp, speedometer light, etc., and for all lights on closed cars.

Why It Is Best:

GRAY & DAVIS Dynamo is designed and built by automobile lighting experts. It is constructed of the finest material in the largest automobile Dynamo factory in the World. Selected as Standard Equipment on all PEERLESS cars. Has the necessary Constant Speed feature. Voltage won't vary. Not a mere battery charger. Complete in every detail. Nothing to get out of order. Has been in service over four years.

SEND FOR CATALOG.

GRAY & DAVIS, Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, 55 Lansdowne Street, Boston, Mass.



One new thing to see at the shows

OF THE attractions of the motor shows, interest centers in the Silent Knight motor—chief interest, perhaps, in the Columbia Silent Knight which is eminently worthy of a position with the leading Knights of Europe

At all national motor shows there is opportunity to inspect the Columbia Knight, that all may know of its trinity of cardinal excellences

POWER — FLEXIBILITY — SILENCE

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY



Division of United States Motor Company

Broadway at Sixty-first Street

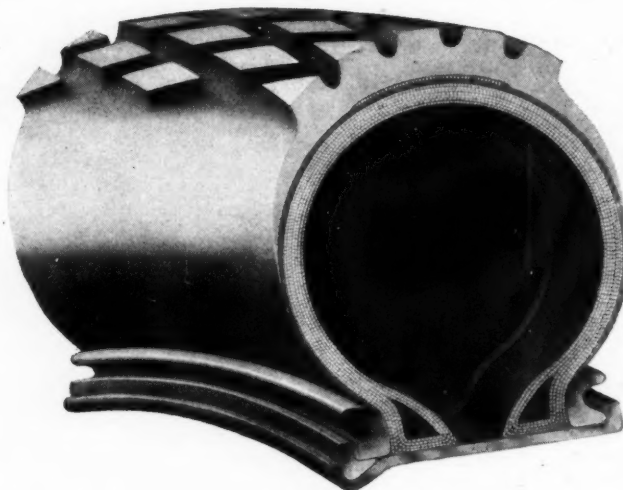
New York



*Made with or
without this
Double-thick
Non-Skid
Tread*

*The only
Winter Tread
with a
Bulldog Grip*

The New Goodyear Non-Skid Tread



*Note the
Double
Thickness*

*Note the
Deep-Cut
Blocks*

*Note the
Countless
Edges and
Angles*

No-Rim-Cut Tires

10% Oversize

1911 Sales 409,000 Tires

Stop for a moment, Mr. Tire Buyer, on this verge of 1912.

Consider how motorists are coming to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Six times the demand of two years ago—800,000 sold.

Enough sold last year to completely equip 102,000 cars.

Now the most popular tire in existence.

Just because one user says to another—"These tires avoid rim-cutting, save overloading. They've cut *my* tire bills in two."

For the coming year, 108 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires. We've increased our capacity to 3,800 tires daily.

Now make a resolve—to save worry and dollars, to give perfection its due—that you'll make a test of these patented tires.

UPKEEP REDUCED \$20 PER TIRE

These are the facts to consider:

No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. The savings they make are entirely clear.

And those savings are these:

Rim-cutting is entirely avoided.

With old-type tires—ordinary clincher tires—statistics show that 23% of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

All that is saved—both the worry and expense—by adopting No-Rim-Cut tires.

Then comes the oversize.

No-Rim-Cut tires, being hookless tires, can be made 10% over the rated size without any misfit to the rim.

So we give this extra size.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. It means an overtired car to take care of your extras—to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

And that with the average car adds 25% to the tire mileage.

All that without extra cost.

Tire expense is hard to deal with in any general figures.

It depends too much on the driver—on proper inflation—on roads, care, speed, etc.

But it is safe to say that, under average conditions, these two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—cut tire bills in two at least.

We figure the average saving—after years of experience with tens of thousands of users—at \$20 per tire.

Whether more or less, it means something worth saving. It totals millions of dollars every year to users of these tires.

And you get your share—without added cost—when you specify Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Non-Skid Treads, if Wanted Double-Thick, Deep-Cut Blocks

The newest addition to No-Rim-Cut tires is this ideal Non-Skid tread. Not a mere makeshift—not a flimsy protection. Not a mere corrugation of the regular tread.

This is an extra tread, about as thick as the regular, vulcanized onto the regular tread. Thus a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber, reducing danger of puncture by 30%.

The blocks are deep-cut and enduring. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles, so skidding is avoided.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is spread over as much tire surface as with smooth-tread tires.

Note the many ways in which this Non-Skid tread surpasses all the others.

13 Years Spent Testing Tires

Thirteen years ago we started out to outdo others on automobile tires.

We brought to our factory the best experts we knew, and put them at work in our laboratory.

We gave them carte blanche on expense.

For rubber we supplied them with up-river Para, the costliest and best in existence. For fabrics we gave them the long-fibre Sea Island cotton, at twice the cost of the usual.

To prove out their ideas we built a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

There we have compared 40 formulas for wear-resisting treads. There we have compared over 200 fabrics.

There every method of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing has been put to infallible test.

And there every competing tire of merit has been compared with our own, under actual road conditions.

We've done this for 13 years.

Whatever proved best was adopted. Then displaced when we found something better.

Thus Goodyear tires have been brought so close to perfection that last year our liberal warrant cost us less than 32 cents per tire.

So it is more than our patents—more than our oversize—which has brought Goodyear tires to such immense popularity. It has been the knowledge that, despite all claims, in the test of time worth alone will prevail.

And our figures reveal the result.

Our new Tire Book is ready—filled with facts which motorists should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Wayne Street, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Vindication

They call me cold!
A bad and bold
Old Bachelor, they say.
Alack-a-day!
And likewise woe!
They do not know.

A woman-hater I, Misogynist,
Who say a woman never would be
missed!

By all the gods of old!
Me! Cold!
Why, say,
If I'd my way
To-morrow's paper'd advertise my bliss
In terms like this:

"Married: By Rev. Bishop Jones,
Last night at eight, George Henry
Bones,
To Jennie Dobbs and Maud Kazoo,
And Helen Winks, and Polly too;
To Mary Barnes and Annie Smith,
To Florence Green and Fairy Frith,
To Birdie Wilkins, Sallie Brothers,
And six or seven lovely others."

Me! Cold!
Misogynist both bad and bold!
Whatever else I am, that's what I'm
not!

Great Scott!
The truth, if you would know, the rein
that checks,
In short, is this: I love the whole sweet
blooming sex!

—Harper's Bazar.

In the Near Future

WIFE: I see that Mrs. Ketchum has
got a divorce.

HUB: Confound it! That means an-
other wedding present.

—Boston Transcript.

"Watchman"—A Watchword for Pure Whiskey

Simultaneously with the birth of a new brand of whiskey—*Watchman Whiskey*—there was given to the world the *Non-refillable bottle*. And no two events were ever more timely.

In "Watchman" there is represented the acme of the distiller's art—a whiskey whose exquisite mellowness is equalled only by its rare wholesomeness. It comes to you, *every drink under seal*.

"Ye Olde

Watchman" Whiskey

(In Non-refillable Bottles)

At Leading Clubs, Hotels, Cafés, Restaurants, and Dealers

White Rock



The Most Popular Water

A Nutty Name

Joseph Evergreen Ryan, of Chicago, has a friend in the priesthood who has a keen sense of humor. The priest told Ryan about a christening at which he officiated a short time ago.

The christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and all the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest to the priest during the ceremony.

"What's the child's name?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment.

"I dunno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?"

"Hazel," replied the father.

"What?" asked the grandfather.

"Hazel," repeated the father.

The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust.

"What d'ye think av that?" he asked the priest. "With the calendar av the saints full av gur-ri names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

A Souvenir

OLD GENTLEMAN: Have you any hair the same color as mine?

BARBER: Do you require it for a wig, sir?

OLD GENTLEMAN: No! I want a small piece to give to a lady.

—London Opinion.

"GEORGE," she asked, "if we were both young and single again would you want me to be your wife?"

"Now, my dear," he absent-mindedly replied, "what's the use of trying to start a quarrel just as we have settled down to enjoy a quiet evening?"

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Is there any sure way of crossing the social chasm?"

"Oh, yes; by bridge."

—Baltimore American.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

BEAR THIS FACT IN MIND

THE SOFT, MELLOW
DELICIOUSNESS OF

HUNTER WHISKEY

WILL ONLY BE FOUND IN AN
ABSOLUTELY PURE, WELL MADE
AND MATURED WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



THERE is no car in America that is better built in any feature---that is more adequate in power---more thorough in its auxiliary equipment---or more complete in those features which make for luxury than the **SPEEDWELL**. All cars, with the exceptions of Models H. & J. 2 passenger Roadsters, are fully equipped---as indicative of Speedwell completeness we mention this standard equipment---

Self starter, full cape top with storm curtains and boot, glass front, Prest-O-Lite tank and full lamp equipment, demountable rims, extra rim and holder for spares, foot rail, robe rail, complete tool kit, repair kit, etc., etc

*Send for Catalog and
Supplementary Literature*

The Speedwell Motor Car Company

390 ESSEX AVENUE, DAYTON, OHIO

Speedwell



My Farewell Car

by R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—the car I now bring out—is considered by me as pretty close to finality.

So close that I call it "My Farewell Car." I shall let it stand as my topmost achievement.

Embodied here are the final results of my 25 years of experience.

I have spent 18 months on Reo the Fifth. For three months I stopped the whole Reo production to devote all of our efforts to this one car.

The future is bound to bring some minor changes—folderols and fashions. But in all the essentials this car strikes my limit.

Better workmanship is impossible, better materials unthinkable. More of simplicity, silence, durability and economy can hardly be conceived.

I consider this car about as close to perfection as engineers ever will get.

My 24th Model

This is the twenty-fourth model which I have created. My first was a steam car, built in 1887—25 years ago. My first gasoline car was built in 1895—17 years ago.

My whole life has been spent in building gasoline engines—the Olds Gas Engines, famous half the world over. My engine-building successes gave first prestige to my cars. For the motor, of course, is the very heart of a car.

So it came about that tens of thousands of motorists have used cars of my designing. They have run from one to six cylinders, from 6 to 60 horsepower. They have ranged from little to big, from the primitive to the modern luxurious cars. I have run the whole gamut of automobile experience.

In the process of sifting I have settled down to the 30 to 35 horsepower, 4-cylinder car. That is, and will doubtless remain, the standard type of car.

Greater power is unnecessary; its operation expensive. Weight, size and power not needed bring excessive cost of upkeep. Most men who know best, and who can own good cars, are coming to this standard type. So we make for the future just this one type of car.

And in this new car—called Reo the Fifth—I have embodied all I know which can add one iota to the real worth of a car.

My Thousand Helpers

But Reo the Fifth, despite all my inventions, belongs to other men more than to me. A thousand men have contributed to it. I have searched the whole world to secure for each part the very best that any man has discovered.

For that is the essence of motor car designing—to learn what is best and adopt it. No modern car owes more than a trifle to the genius of any one man.

So this car is not mine—it is merely my compilation. It shows my skill in selection—in picking the best—more than my skill in designing. It shows, above all, what my myriads of cars in actual use have taught me.

And I frankly confess that I owe a great deal to the many brilliant designers whom it has been my good fortune to associate with me.

Where This Car Excels

In Reo the Fifth you will find many good features found in no other car. You will find all the best features used in other up-to-date models. You will find them combined with style, finish and appearance which marks the very latest vogue.

But the vital advantages of this new car lie in excess of care and caution. In the utter exactness—in the big margins of safety.

One of the greatest lies in formulas for steel. I have learned by endless experiment—

by countless mistakes—the best alloy for each purpose.

All the steel that I use is now made to my order. And each lot is analyzed to prove its accord with the formula. Experience has taught me not to take any chances.

I used to test gears with a hammer. Now I use a crushing machine of 50 tons capacity. And I know to exactness what each gear will stand.

I took the maker's word on magnetos at one time. Now I require a radical test, and I have found but two makes which will stand it.

The axles are immensely important. I use Nickel Steel of unusual diameter, and fit them with Timken Roller Bearings.

The carburetor is doubly heated—by hot air and hot water—for the present grades of gasoline.

The car is over-tired.

So with every part. From start to finish this car is built under laboratory supervision. The various parts pass a thousand inspections.

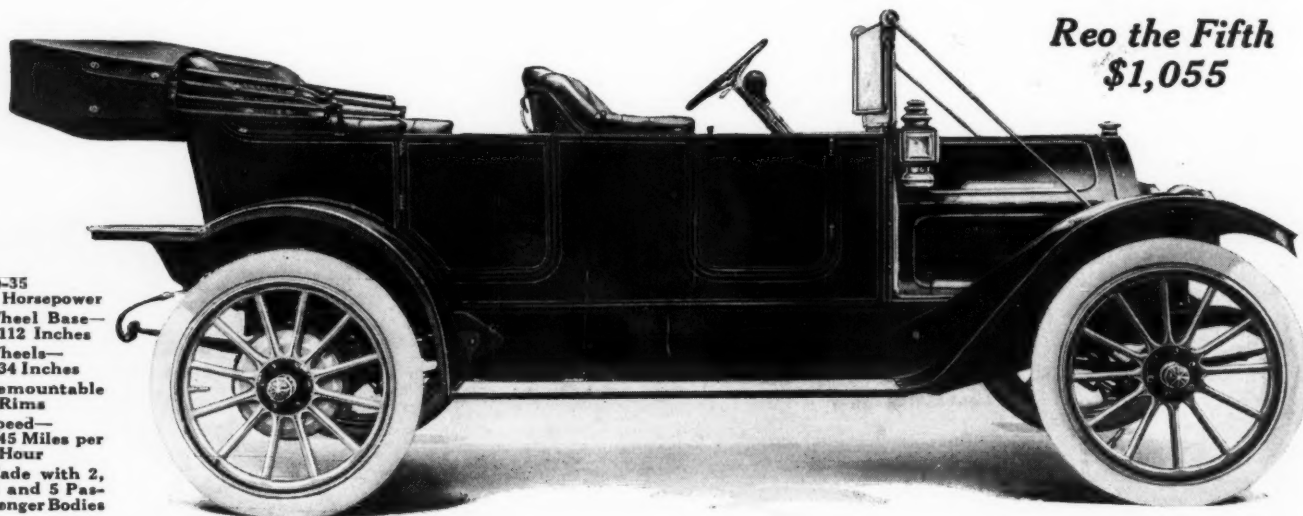
It is one thing to build a theoretical car, to meet all expected conditions. It is another thing to build one to meet actual conditions. The unusual and unexpected bring out a car's weakness.

The best thing I have learned, in these decades of experience, is the folly of taking chances.

I had one of these new cars run for ten thousand miles—run at top speed, night and day, on rough roads. That is equal, I figure, to three years' average usage. Then I took the car apart, and I found every important part in the whole car practically as good as new.

That's where this car excels—in that excess of caution taught by 25 years of experience. I am not abler than other designers. I have simply been learning longer.

30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 Inches
Wheels—
34 Inches
Demountable
Rims
Speed—
45 Miles per
Hour
Made with 2,
4 and 5 Pas-
senger Bodies



Reo the Fifth
\$1,055

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$25.00 extra.

The Price of \$1,055

It seems an anomaly that this Farewell Car—my finest production—should sell for \$1,055. But of all the new accomplishments shown in this car I consider this price as the greatest.

In this final and radical paring of cost I feel that I leave my greatest mark on this industry. And nothing else done by me has required so much invention, so much preparation.

The time has come when motor cars must be sold on a close-price basis. Cost, profit, and selling-cost must all come down.

The furores of the future will be due to efficiency—to enormous production, to modern equipment, to automatic machinery.

The time is passing when a double price indicates a double value. Men are learning how to judge a car. They are not content to pay more than the market for the utmost one can get.

The Sweeping Change

I have sold thousands of cars at what would now be four times the cost of making. I have seen men stand in line and pay a bonus to get them.

I have spent in the making—in proportion to value—twice what I spend today. But those were days of experiment, of constant change. A wealth of machinery, tools and jigs went every year to the scrap heap. And they were days of hand work, of little automatic machinery.

I have seen overhead expense, in the days of small outputs, cost twice as much as labor. I have seen selling expense cost as much as materials. The prices of those days are now extremely unfair.

Now every operation in the Reo plant is performed by special automatic machinery, in-

vented by us, built right here in our shops. Some single machines divide the labor cost by fifty. And they multiply exactness, too.

Now the Reo is standardized, so machines are not changed. Now we build but one chassis in all this great plant. That fact alone saves nearly \$200 per car.

Now the whole of the car is built under one roof, so we pay no profits to parts makers. Now we make thousands of cars where we used to make hundreds, so overhead expense is a trifle.

Selling expense, because of the Reo's prestige, is a fraction of what it was. Profit per car has been cut to the minimum. Our dividends are paid by enormous production.

Those are the reasons for this price on Reo the Fifth—a price far below any car in its class. I believe the dominant car must give most for the money. And I want that to be Reo the Fifth.

The Price Not Fixed

But the price of \$1,055 is not irrevocable. All our contracts with dealers provide for advance on two weeks' written notice.

Materials are now at their lowest prices in years, and but little advance will make this price impossible. We have pared every cost to the limit. We have even discounted the prospect of a doubled demand. So added cost, if it should occur, must be added to our price.

But the price to-day is \$1,055. And the price will be kept this low as long as it can be. But no price can be fixed for six months in advance without leaving a big margin, and we haven't done that.

About Skipping

Standard cars which compare with Reo the

Fifth are selling to-day up to \$2,500. This difference in price naturally leads to the question as to whether we have skimmed on the Reo.

We ask you to judge that for yourself. Our catalog—just out—gives complete specifications. It states the material used in every vital part. Please make your comparisons; or, if you can't do it, have a good engineer make them for you.

If there is one device better than I employ, I don't know it. If there are better materials for any part or purpose, I have failed to find them out. If any maker uses more time, skill or care, I do not know how he employs it.

After 25 years spent in car building I consider Reo the Fifth, in every respect, as my limit. I would not know where to add one whit of real value, whatever price you would pay.

Note the generous tires—the hair-filled genuine leather cushions—the nickel-trimmed engine—the 17-coated body. In every part of the car, both the seen and unseen, I have put that final touch.

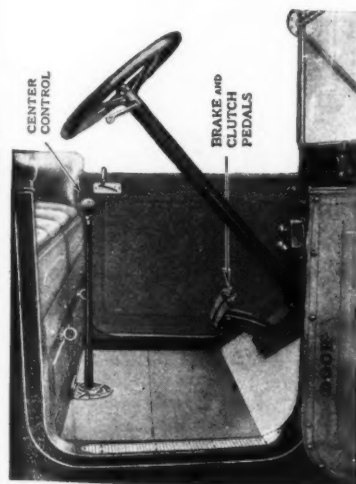
No, this car is not skimmed. I am putting it out as the cap-sheaf of my career. All my prestige is at stake on it. This is my Farewell Car, and I am glad to think that tens of thousands of motor car owners are going to judge me by it.

New Catalog Ready

Our catalog gives all the specifications, and shows the three styles of bodies. It gives details of all the new features.

Reo the Fifth, at this radical price, will be the season's sensation. The facts about it are exceedingly interesting. Write us to-day for the book. We will then direct you where to see the car.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



The Center, Cane-Handle Control No Side Levers—No Reaching

The most unique feature in Reo the Fifth is this center control, shaped like a cane handle. It is our invention—our exclusive feature.

This car has no side levers—nothing in the way. The driver gets out on either side as easily as you climb from the tonneau.

Both brakes are worked by foot pedals. Either or both of them can be applied without taking the hand from the wheel.

The gear shifting is done by this center cane handle. The handle straight up means transmission on neutral. One slight motion takes you to low speed, another to intermediate, another to high speed and another to reverse.

Each of these movements is in a different direction. And the top of the handle, in changing from one to another, hardly moves more than three inches. So the handle is not in the way.

No danger of gear stripping. No noise at all. There was never before a gear shifting device even one-fourth so convenient and simple.

Left-Side Drive

In Reo the Fifth the driver sits—as he should sit—on the left-hand side. He is then close to the cars which he passes. He is on the up side of the road. He can look behind in making a turn.

This has always been so on electric cars. But with gasoline cars, where there are side levers, the driver is compelled to sit on the right side. And that means the wrong side for driving.

Fore doors have now made side levers impracticable. They come too close to the door. This fact is compelling a center control, to which all cars must come. And this center control enables the driver to sit on the left side—on the proper side of his car.

It is so in Reo the Fifth. But, in addition to that, we have rid the car of both the brake lever and gear lever.

Those are a few of the ways in which this new Reo model shows its up-to-dateness.



Quality Cars have Quality Tops

Look critically at the cars whirling by and see *just what makes* a car look shabby or smart—nine times out of ten it's the top.

Pantasote Tops stay new—and they make your entire car look new and fresh.

Look in the peak of the top for the

Pantasote

brass-label—it is your protection against cheap substitutes such as "Mohair," "Near Mohair" and the various "Mackintoshes" top fabrics, that can't keep out the wet and that get dirty and can't be cleaned.

Better sit under a spic and span **Pantasote** Top than under a soiled, shabby and leaky imitation material that can't stay clean.

If you try to clean the imitations, your cleanser dissolves out the rubber gum and then the layers of the cheap material separate. If you brush it you work the dust into the Top.

You can't separate **Pantasote**; you can't spot it permanently; you can't crack it by intense heat; you can't crack it by intense cold; or by folding and creasing; you can't spoil it by rain, snow or sleet. **Pantasote** Tops are the only tops that remain. That's why **Pantasote** Tops have remained from the beginning of the automobile industry, while the others keep changing.

Some New Information for Automobile Buyers

We have produced a book called "The X-Ray on Automobile Tops," technical enough for the automobile top-makers—plain enough for the automobile owner. It is crowded with facts about automobile top fabrics—it gives you a thorough and complete knowledge on the subject.

This knowledge is your best protection against substitution. If you have a thorough knowledge yourself on various top materials, no unscrupulous dealer can argue against you, because you know what you are talking about. Get your copy of "The X-Ray on Automobile Tops." Write this minute while the news is fresh in your mind. Reach for your fountain pen and just put the word "X-Ray" on a letter or postal. Address it to

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY, 55 Bowling Green Bldg., New York

Look for the brass-label in the peak of the top

On the Automobile

I would much rather touch lightly on the automobile, however, than have the automobile touch lightly on me. And that's no joke!

Our streets have always been hard enough to navigate, heaven knows, but nowadays, with the electric trolleys and the automobiles added, pedestrianism has degenerated into a mere succession of frenzied leaps and convulsive stops, and our progress to and fro is like that of the startled fawn, which

"Bounds from crag to crag,

Hearing the hunter's horn."

Shakespeare, who was up to date and a little ahead of it, said:

"No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns."

This eternal horn-blowing is a nuisance and a nerve-destroying crime and is unnecessary and silly. I have noticed that the smaller the auto the bigger the horn. To hear one of these little tin wash boilers, with a one horsepower engine and a two horsepower horn and a twenty mule power drive coming down the avenue, you'd suppose that Gabriel with his trumpet had broken loose at last, and when you look up, expecting to see a trump, you see nothing but a two spot.

I don't claim that every man who runs an auto is a jackass, but I do claim that every jackass runs an auto. I run one myself.

But when I run over a pedestrian, I just mow him down in a quiet, dignified and refined manner, and don't add insult to injury by frightening him to death before I kill him.

I am an automobilist not from choice, but in self-defense. Some achieve automobiles and some have automobiles thrust upon them. I live in a suburban

(Continued on page 84)



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls—it costs \$2.00 per pound—three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

Send 10 Cents for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known
THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

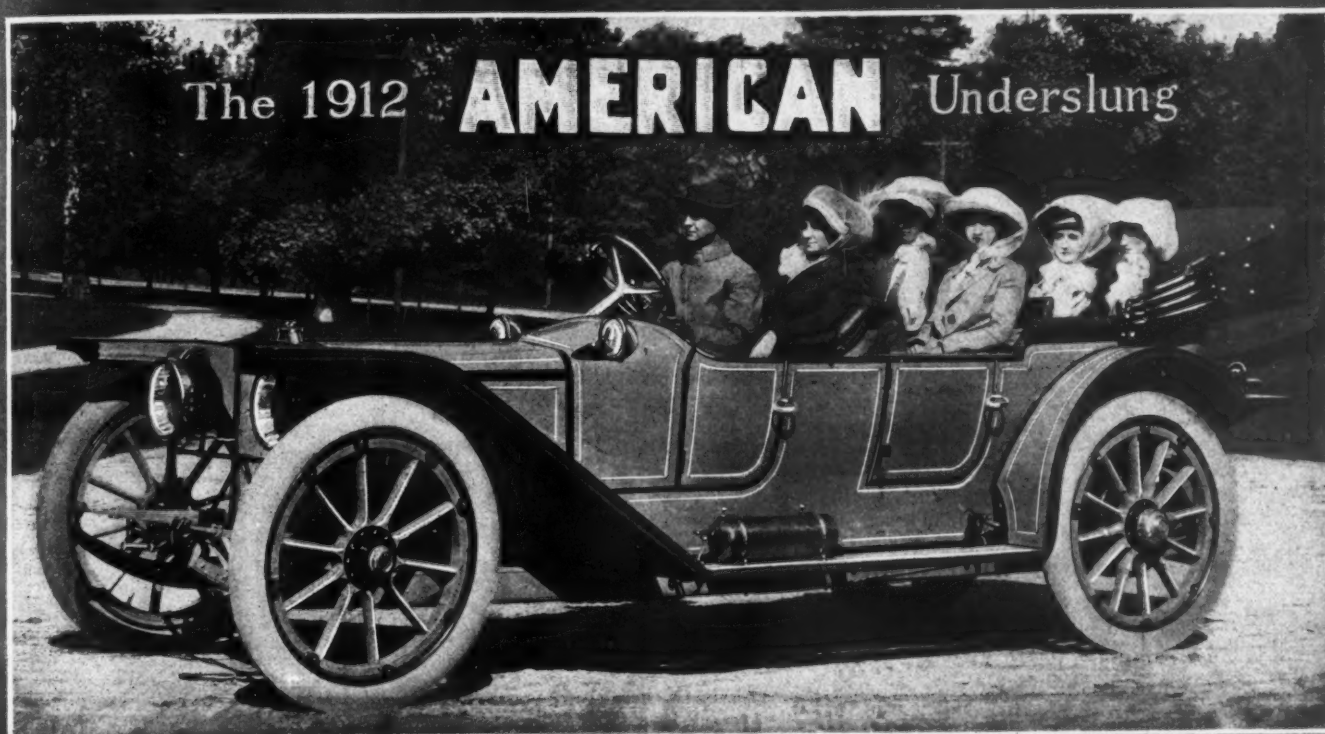


The Rooster: AN ALL-AROUND ATHLETE? HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT OUT?

The Sea Gull: WHY, I CAN FLY, WALK AND SWIM, AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS WALK.

SOCRATES used to say, that if any crier made proclamation in the theatre, "Stand up, cobblers!" "Stand up, weavers!" etc., only those named would do so; but if "Stand up, men of sense!" were the order, not one would remain sitting. The most damaging mistake in life, he added, is this, that the majority are fools, and yet believe themselves to be wise."—Stobaeus.

MARRIAGE is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness.—Madame de Rieux.



The 1912 **AMERICAN** Underslung

The "American Traveler Special" (Type 56) \$4500

Six passengers. Wheelbase 140 inches; tires 41x4½ inches front and rear on demountable rims. Springs front, 40 inches; rear, 54 inches. Two auxiliary seats in the tonneau. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, side

and tail lights electric, supplied by battery separate from ignition battery; Prest-o-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.

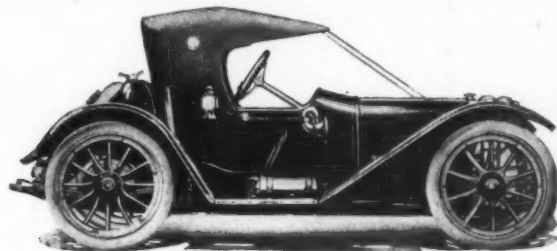
The One Car That Does Not Go Out of Date

An "American" Underslung car of five years ago attracts immediate attention and is admired wherever it appears. The "American" underslung models of 1912 are universally conceded **the last word** in grace and beauty.

At the Country Club, on the Boulevard—wherever a great number and variety of the world's finest cars are seen to best advantage—the "American" is at once singled out in a class by itself as distinct and distinguished, stylish and beautiful.

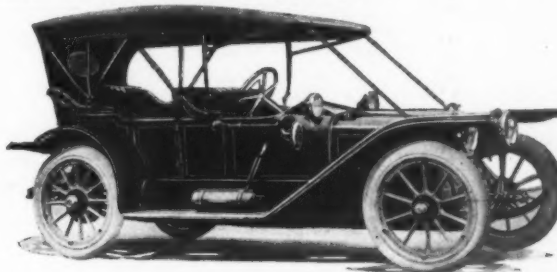
The "American" cars of 1912 described in this advertisement are all built on the underslung frame principle, in which we are the pioneers.

It is impossible, in this space, to give the details of the manifold advantages of underslung construction as exemplified in the "American,"—but we have issued a treatise on the subject which is most interesting and convincing. Write for a copy to-day.



The "American Scout" (Type 22), \$1250

Strictly a two-passenger car. Wheelbase 102 inches; tires 36x3½ inches front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps; Prest-o-Lite tank; Bosch high tension magneto; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.



The "American Tourist" (Type 34), \$2250

Four passengers; Wheelbase 118 inches; tires 37x4 inches front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps; dash lights electric; Prest-o-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; one extra rim; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.

AMERICAN MOTORS COMPANY, Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



There is Greater Value in this Car

The infinite care that is devoted to every detail of Marmon construction makes the value in this car.

The comfort—the delightful smoothness of operation—shows the superiority of Marmon design, material and construction.

The records of the Marmon in years of service as well as in the world's greatest contests are conclusive proof of better quality.

The many refinements—the unceasing effort toward the perfection of every part—the elements that mean life and durability to any mechanism—these are the things that make Marmon value.

Whether you buy your car from a standpoint of luxury or economy it will pay you to know more of the Marmon.

Marmon cars are made on one chassis; five passenger Touring body, four passenger Suburban, Roadster for two or three passengers, \$2750; seven passenger Limousine \$4000; Landaulet \$4100. Full information and specifications will be sent on request.

NORDYKE & MARMON CO.

Indianapolis (Established 1851) Indiana

SIXTY YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURING

Manufacturers of America's Finest Flour Milling Machinery

On the Automobile

(Continued from page 82)

town which was early seized with automobilousness in its most virulent form. One of my immediate neighbors bought a machine of limited capacity for everything but noise. Its capacity for noise was unlimited. It was also long on smell. At first the rest of us talked of tar and feathers. Some of us thought that was too mild and that the punishment should fit the crime. And while

we hesitated we all got the craze, and now we are all tarred with the same stick.

This was my daily programme for a time: I would start to drive to the station. Presently the earth would tremble, my horses would tremble, my coachman would tremble, and I would tremble most of all, and with rumblings and snortings and smells indescribable, my neighbor would dash by. I would then breathe a prayer, disentangle my horses from

a barbed wire fence, pluck my wagon from a nearby tree, reconnect them and proceed on my way rejoicing. Presently I would overhaul my friend. He and his chauffeur would be reclining on their backs under the auto, doing stunts with spanners and monkey wrenches. I would then take my neighbor into my wagon, drive him to the station, and his machine would wait to be towed home by my team.

My neighbor argued that the auto was the coming mode of locomotion and that the horse must go. I agreed with the latter proposition. I reminded him that one of my best horses, hearing his approach, decided that he must go and that I thought he was going yet. I stayed with him awhile, but decided he was too swift a proposition for me to keep company with. I never could decide whether it is the appearance of the machine, or the smell, or the raiment of the driver that gets onto a horse's nerves, but I reckon it's the raiment. The spiritual description of the lily of the field applies to them pretty well: "They toil not, neither do they spin, but verily I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The first machine I looked at was small, simple and inexpensive. It had but one cylinder. The salesman said that was an advantage. He said a four-cylinder engine would get out of order four times as often. This machine had a handle on the side like a barrel-organ. He showed me how to make it go fast, and slow, and stop, and start, and all while the machine stood in the store. A child of ten years could run it, he said. "Now, if you want to get out of a tight place," he said, "get a sudden move on—you touch this lever called the accelerator."

He touched it, and with that something went wrong and the handle I have alluded to flew around and smote him violently in the abdomen. When he

(Concluded on page 86)

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. If you are a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address **DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.**

UNDERGROUND GARBAGE RECEIVER
NO FREEZING. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.
Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.



Protect Your Tires with These Protectors and You Protect Your Car

EVERY mile of motoring on unprotected tires is a mile of danger! Any moment a blowout may hurl your car off the road. Every ride you take holds threatening danger of disastrous or even fatal termination. Why risk it — when here are Protectors that make your safety absolute.

These Protectors end your tire troubles and stop your tire repair expenses. Two years' wear without a single injury to the tires they protect is the record they have made on hundreds of cars. They are not an experiment now. Two years ago you might have doubted. Today these Protectors are the proven greatest motoring economy ever put into service.

Standard Tire Protectors

The few dollars first cost will be repaid many times over in the actual money saved. Not only do Standard Tire Protectors stop tire-repair expenses—but they save hundreds of dollars you otherwise would spend in replacing your worn-out unprotected tires. For tires equipped with Standard Tire Protectors wear years instead of months. No more trains missed, theatres reached when the play is half over, business appointments thrown out of schedule—no more of those agonizing delays at any time. Our famous Non-Skid Tread give you skidding protection in addition to tire protection—both at the cost of one. You can have plain tread if you prefer it. Sand or gravel cannot get between the Protectors and the tire.

Reduced prices, made possible by our new manufacturing equipment, remove even the last possible reason for you to delay putting these Protectors on your tires. The reduction in prices below those of last year averages 20 per cent on all popular sizes.

There are no practical materials besides rubber and fabric for tire protection. Manufacturers have experimented exhaustively—and all other materials have been found utterly unsatisfactory. Ordinary rubber and common fabric would not give the service required. But our new-process toughest rubber with layer on layer of hardest woven Sea Island Cotton makes a combination, giving protection almost like armor plate around the tires. These Protectors are easily held tight by inflation pressure.

Free Book on Tire Protection It explains the construction of Standard Tire Protectors and proves their economy, their pleasure-giving value. Writing for this **Free Book** will open the way for you out of your tire troubles and tire repair expenses forever. And ask us for a Free Sample of Standard Tire Protector rubber—so you can test its amazing toughness. Write us today.

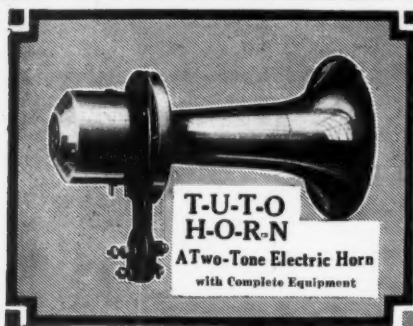
Dealers—Bigger Business—Better Discounts

Old Bugaboo of "price too high" eliminated. Every motor car user in the country will be made to know of Standard Tire Protectors by our great 1912 advertising campaign. Advance orders show the 1912 demand will be at least five times that of 1911. Lower prices to consumers are accompanied with larger discounts to dealers. We share with you and the motor car owner the advantages of our new manufacturing equipment. If you have not placed your order in preparation for large 1912 sales on Standard Tire Protectors, write us today for our new price list and particulars of the co-operation we offer you.

Standard Tire Protector Co.,
105 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio



Standard Tire Protector



\$25.00—any finish

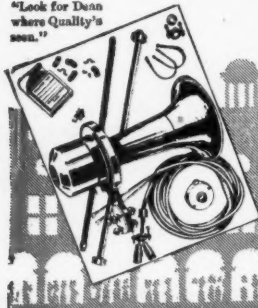
You not only buy a Tuto Horn—two auto horns in one—but you get all the equipment necessary for installing it. This makes the Tuto Horn the best horn value on the market.

The Tuto Horn is the only adequate warning signal. Features: It's two notes, low and loud, are distinctive and command instant attention. **SNOOZE:** It is quickly and easily operated. Both low and loud notes produced by one push button—located on the steering wheel right under the thumb.

Test the Tuto for 10 days free Fill out the Tuto Coupon. Take it to your dealer. He will put a Tuto Horn on your car. If you are not satisfied, return it. If there is not an accessory dealer in your district, send the coupon to us.

The Dean Electric Co.
242 Taylor Ave., Elyria, Ohio

"Look for Dean where Quality's seen."



The Tuto Coupon

The Dean Electric Co., Elyria, Ohio
Send through my dealer

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

Use TUTO HORN for a 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
If the car is not satisfactory, return it at the end of the 10 day trial.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

Name and No. of Car _____ License No. _____ State _____

On the Automobile

(Concluded from page 84)

came to I told him a child of ten might run the machine, but the child would have to have a very strong stomach.

Next, a friend took me out in a base-burning steam vehicle. He had a third man with him, and I sat behind on a sort of broiler arranged over the boiler. The day was warm, and I understood at once why the machine was called a "steamer."

I felt like the nigger who used to squat on the safety-valve on the Mississippi boats. I amused myself by watching the steam gage and wondering how long it would take me to come down

if anything went wrong. The exhaust steam went up my trouser's leg and I felt like the squid, which scientists say envelops itself in a cloud or fog of its own making in order to conceal itself from its enemies. My friend, meanwhile, explained the mechanism, but I told him if I had to become a master mechanic it would pay me better to go and run the *Kaiser Wilhelm*.

The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the gasoline machine was the thing. There was power, simple and direct! It ran by a series of explosions. That appealed to me at once. That's the way my hotel on Park avenue has been run during the past year—by a series of explosions of dynamite by the tunnel people and a series of explosions of profanity on the part of myself and my few remaining boarders.

Every auto I thought of buying all my friends assured me was no good, and in the light of subsequent experiences I guess they were right.

Finally, on my own responsibility, I bought that lovely lobster-pink creation in which I may be seen 'most any pleasant day now running merrily through the park or street and anon sitting reposefully while my chauffeur, assisted by the populace, explores the vitals of the machine, looking for trouble.

I remember when I was a boy I saw and admired at Barnum's Museum a working model of an engine all made of glass, but I never dreamed I should own one.

I am getting proud of my machine. I think it holds the record for having traveled fewer miles in a given time than any other yet devised.

My engine will break when standing motionless on the barn floor, simply through the power of gravitation. It is operated by a skilled mechanic and costs me as much per month as it would to run the *Corsair*. But it has one merit. I never wander so far from my own fireside but that I can easily walk back. I have worn out six sets of hinges in the hood peering at the engine to see what is busted.

I used to get up and help the chauffeur

Some things every motorist should know

Why his car needs to be overhauled every season.

How abnormal wear leads to this expense.

What causes abnormal wear.

How to prevent it

We have prepared a booklet, full of vital facts—which shows the part that *granular* minor shaft bearings play in increasing your repair bills and decreasing the life and efficiency of your car.

The whole question of minor shaft bearings is explained in a simple, non technical manner, the structure of the different classes of bearing alloys, as shown by the photographic illustrations, tells the story.

Before you buy a new car—before you put your present car in the repair shop for overhauling—send for this Booklet L. It has dollars and cents value for you.

AMERICAN BRONZE COMPANY, Berwyn, Pa.



feur to look, until one day when we were both hidden behind the hood a sneak thief carried off my fur robes. Now I just sit back and listen to the jeers of the populace and sigh to think of the happy times gone by when I used to travel on the street-cars and get to my destination on the same day.

—From a Few Remarks by Simeon Ford. Copyright 1903 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The BEST CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

'PUNCH' ALMANACK

FULL of humorous Pictures and better than ever.

Sent post free on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps.

¶ The weekly copy of "PUNCH" for one year, inclusive of the Almanack, is sent post free for \$4.40.

Address: "PUNCH" Office, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



FOR 1912

DON'T Worry
EAT Plain Food
DRINK Evans' Ale
LIVE The Happy Life

Begin TODAY

EVANS' ALE will keep you right—All Dealers
C. H. EVANS' & SON, HUDSON, N. Y.

IN OCEAN TO OCEAN TOUR 12 PREMIER CARS ESTABLISHED WORLD'S RECORD



FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

Twelve ranges of mountains were climbed; seven great rivers crossed; the practically trackless wastes of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, the great American deserts, hundreds of lifeless miles, yet these bankers, professional men, men of society, manufacturers and merchants, all wealthy Premier owners, did not hesitate to enter these wastes with their wives and families. No greater evidence of confidence in a motor car has ever been given, and they knew, because their cars had seen from three months to three years' service. The twelve Premiers that started finished on the minute on a prearranged schedule without mechanical trouble. A wonderful demonstration of Premier consistency. *But what does it mean to you?* It shows the remarkable easy riding qualities of Premier. If this had not been perfection, it would have been impossible to have motored forty luxury loving people, ten of whom were women, across this great American continent. Gasoline consumption averaged 12½ miles to the gallon. Four of the 1911 Premiers finished on the original tires. The theory of design, the quality of material, and the high grade of workmanship of the Premier car was established absolutely. These owner drivers had among them owned and driven practically all of the high grade automobiles, some of them the foreign cars. Therefore, the unanimous opinion that there is no car built that could have stood the awful drubbing these Premier cars received in this tour from ocean to ocean is expert testimony. These Premiers are now meeting the day-to-day requirements of their owners as they have always done. The ocean-to-ocean tour had no material effect on these Premiers. For the ten years in which Premiers have been built, not a year has passed that the manufacturers have not given some wonderful demonstration of the reliability and the consistent performance of Premiers. Every year they have been successful in disposing of their output months before the end of the season. It is these things which make Premier the logical car to buy when high grade cars are considered. But more wonderful than all is the fact that eighty-five per cent of the entire Premier output is still driven by the original owners.

PREMIER Motor Mfg. Co.

Indianapolis
Ind.

A portfolio containing 108 illustrations similar to those above which show the 12 Premier Motor Cars in the Rocky Mountains, in the center of the Great American Desert and on the Sierra Slopes will be sent free upon request to Premier Motor Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

· LIFE ·

Maxwell



THE MAXWELL MERCURY

\$1150, f. o. b. Factory

THE speedy Maxwell Mercury is an ideal car for touring. Big, roomy luggage compartment, wide comfortable tilted seats; plenty of legroom, proof against fatigue; smart, stylish and attractive—a car of which anyone will be proud.

The sweeping Maxwell victory in the Glidden Tour affords convincing proof of Maxwell Reliability. It was the *only*

team of 64 contesting cars costing as much as \$6000 to come through the hardest Glidden tour in history with an absolutely perfect score—always on time—100 per cent efficiency always.

These qualities have made the Maxwell famous—47,000 Maxwells in use—with an unapproached record of 91 per cent of those made in 1905 yet in service in the seventh year of their continuous use.

Four other models:—"Special" Touring Car \$1280; "Mascotte" Touring Car \$980; "Mascotte" Roadster \$950; "Messenger" Runabout \$600; "Messenger" Roadster \$625. Free monthly inspection of all our cars for twelve months.



Send for the intensely interesting story of the Glidden Tour. It's thrilling and fascinating.

Just write—"Mail Books" on a postal and send to us.

Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company, 17 West 61st Street, New York

Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

Maxwell—American Touring Champion

Overland

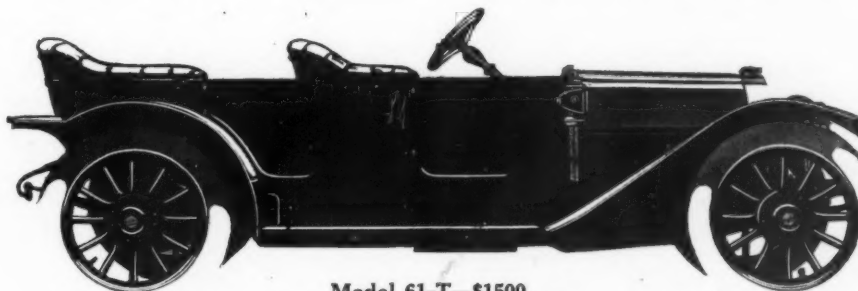
THIS magnificent car is the product of the greatest automobile factory in the world. It is our Model 61---a 45-horse-power five-passenger touring car, priced at \$1500. Judged by the standard values of other makers this is a \$2000 car.

¶ The handsome body is finished in deep Brewster green, ivory striped. All of the bright parts are heavily nickel-plated. The lamps are dead black trimmed with bright nickel. It has a powerful 45-horse-power Motor. The long wheel base of one hundred and fifteen inches gives you all the room and comfort you can possibly want. The shifting levers are in the center of the car.

All door handles are located inside, leaving the graceful body lines unbroken. The tires are big. Axles are fitted with the finest Timken bearings. The magneto is a Bosch.

¶ Our booklet will explain why we can produce a better car for less money than any other maker in the industry. It will interest you. Write and ask for copy D 21.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—\$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passenger, touring; motor, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; horse-power, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; finish, Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated. Price, \$1500.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates



WORDS like "best" and "highest quality" can be used, rightly or wrongly, to describe *any* candy. The real significance of the term itself, however, is not in the dictionary, but in the *candy itself*. It means nothing to say that *Huyler's* are best, but it does mean something to *know it* through personal experience.

Try *Huyler's*. The fineness of your taste will afford the best proof of Huyler's supremacy.

There are 54 Huyler stores in the United States and Canada and over 4000 Huyler agents—the best druggists in their respective communities. To get the name of the nearest Huyler agent or store,

Write for Illustrated Booklet

which tells the interesting story of *Huyler's*, gives a list of many of the Huyler popular confections, and tells the public how quality and purity are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK CITY



The Telephone

The most insolent thing in modern civilization is the Telephone. It is as imperious as a pretty woman, as insistent as a dun, as clamorous as an office-seeker, as importunate as a beggar, as impudent as a newsboy and as temper-wrecking as a termagant. It is berated and reprobated early and late; it is damned as a nuisance and condemned as a meddler; it invades our privacy and insults our pride; it sends the roar of the street into the ear of the recluse;

it drags as from reflection, interrupts our recreation, interferes with our rest, and destroys our dreams; it is diurnal nocturnal, eternal and infernal; and yet there always comes a psychological moment when we forget its dereliction, forgive its depravity and chant its praises to high heaven.

The Telephone is the Campanile of business, the whispering gallery of society, the go-between of industry, the herald of the press, the agent of the police, the bellringer of gossip, the bell-wether of scandal and the cava-

lier servant of every petticoat in town. It is as much at home in the bar-room as in the boudoir; it brings the millionaire in his palace to the level of the mechanic in his tenement; and when the pride of the parvenu denies you admittance, the ring of the Telephone will give you audience. It is the confederate of the love that laughs at locksmiths; it defies the curmudgeon and circumvents the duenna; it is the life-line of intrigue and the baffler of seclusion; and no occasion is so sacred, no spot so secure, no atmosphere so sweet, no pride so safe, that the insolent and insistent sibilance of its clamor may not invade it.

The Telephone is the last and most lusty ally of a vociferous civilization. The roar of the trolley subsides, the whistle of the locomotive ceases, the voice of the demagogue grows silent, the phonograph exhausts itself, the clangor of street and mart is stilled, the lungs of men wear out, and the rosebud mouth of lovely woman becomes silent, but the unconquerable Telephone is on the job twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned; but a woman scorned pales her ineffectual fires before the cool, calm, ceaseless, clamor and constant, confident, calculated cussedness of the Telephone; and when the opulent inventor of this supreme instrument of utility and torture, usefulness and twaddle, shall stand at last before the Recording Angel as he reads from the Book of Doom the words and deeds credited to the Telephone, he will realize that heaven can furnish him no shelter and hell no refuge from the accumulated wrath of the dead generations, and he will rush out into space to seek safety in the endless reaches of chaos.—Joseph Smith.

COUNCILMAN: I've come to see, sir, if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery.

OLD RESIDENT: Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.

—Tit-Bits.

AUTOMOBILISTS. NEW INVENTION



Send for one, and eliminate your trouble. **Fisk's Self-Connecting Steel Battery Box**. No more wiring, no bad contacts, no shorted or inefficient batteries; but perfect ignition. **It acts like magic.** Car starts every time. Just clap the lid on and you complete the connection, you cannot get it on wrong, and your batteries are ready for use. Not a special battery. Get them in any country town. Any battery will fit. **Positive Spring Contacts. Best Possible Connection.**

Every automobilist who has tried them would not do without them at any price. Universal, basing a new car be sure that it is equipped with this Battery Box.

FISK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2434 Calumet Avenue CHICAGO



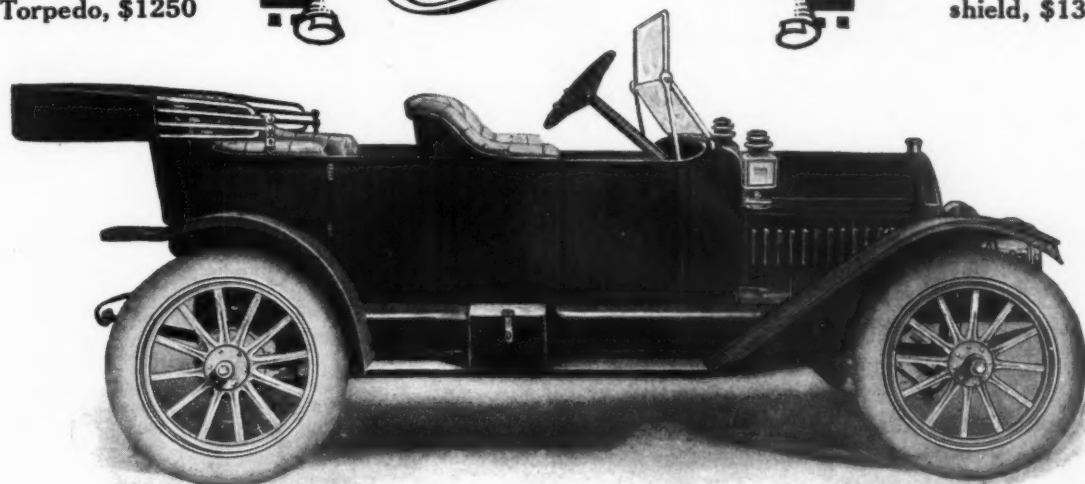
STAMPS—Stamp Album and 155 ALL DIFF. RARE. Incl. China (dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia, Tasmania (V'deanape), Jamaica (w'r fall), etc. only 10c. 1000 mixed for gn only 10c. 1000 King's 5c. 112 pp. Lists, coupons, etc. free! Agts WPA 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. Hunsman Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

· LIFE ·

Elmore

Five-Passenger Light
Torpedo, \$1250

With Top and Wind-
shield, \$1350



The One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

Nowadays the whole automobile world is ringing with discussion as to the practicability of discarding the poppet valve, and with it the numerous gears, springs, cams, push rods, etc., which actuate it. Everybody has come to realize the simplicity and super-efficiency of the valveless construction. Extravagant claims and arguments are being made for the valveless motors now so widely exploited.

BUT JUST GRASP ONE GREAT FACT. Every such claim put forth applies with two-fold force to the Elmore valveless motor—which in a dozen years of successful service, has in the hands of owners throughout the country proved both its simplicity and its superiority. We passed the experimental stage years ago.

And the Elmore does not cost \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000. There is a model to fit every motoring need, at a price well within the purchasing power of the most conservative.

The Elmore Was the Pioneer in Valveless Engine Construction

We have advocated the valveless engine since the inception of the automobile industry in America. The first valveless, two-cycle Elmore engine that was installed in a motor-car was a success—a great success. And each year we have refined and simplified it until, in this year's models, we are installing a motor that we believe to be as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. We ask you to prove for yourself that it is the simplest, most efficient automobile engine extant.

Elmore owners, the land over, are about the most thorough, consistent, persistent enthusiasts in motordom. In fact, they're generally referred to as Elmore "fans." Our only regret has been that in past years we have never been able to supply all the "friends of our friends" who wanted cars. For we would only turn out the number of cars that we could build 100 per cent. right in every detail. This year, with doubled factory capacity, we hope to come somewhat nearer to supplying the demand.

In buying an Elmore you are not buying an experiment or a novelty, but a motor tested by thousands of owners for over a dozen years—a motor which, by virtue of patent rights, no other motor-car can have.

Elmore Construction is of the Best

There could be no better built car than the Elmore. Skilled workmanship and careful supervision accompany every detail. We aim to make the car itself a worthy setting for the gem of a motor that runs it. There is no better inspection system in the world than that which assures to Elmore owners the absolute flawlessness of every Elmore part. And exactly the same care is used in the selection of the materials and the finishing of the product.

Whether your need be for a roadster or for one of the various types of touring car, you will find an Elmore model which in appearance and in service will rank with any car at any price. And the wonderful, exclusive Elmore motor assures you a smooth, sweet running car with the utmost in power efficiency, and with an entire absence of valve troubles and valve expense.

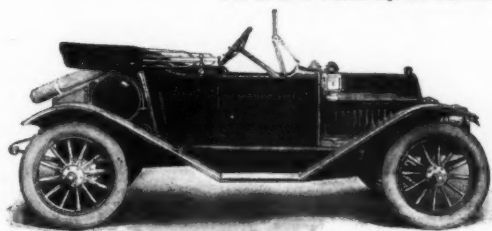
Write for the Elmore Book

We have prepared a very interesting booklet about the Elmore car, which will be sent free on request, together with the name of the nearest dealer where you can see and test this wonderful car for yourself.

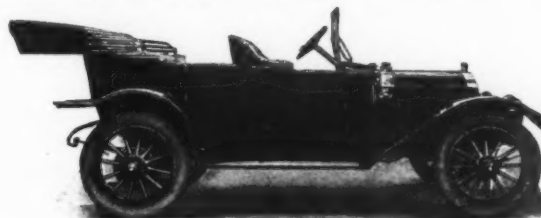
THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING CO., 61 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

DEALERS—For 1912 we have doubled our factory capacity, thus enabling us to double our output. We are therefore enabled to take on a few additional dealers in sections not yet allotted. Write us for 1912 proposition on the one moderate-priced "car with a reason."

See us at Madison Square Garden Automobile Show. Space No. 105 Elevated Platform.



Torpedo Roadster, \$1150—Top and Windshield Extra



Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1600—Top and Windshield Extra

ENTION

our trouble.
Battery Box
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Battery Box
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CAGO

DIF. RARE.
Rhodesia,
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1000 hinges
Agts WPA
St. Louis, Mo.

Maillard's
The best COCOA of them all

After a cup of **Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa** one experiences that delicious sense of satisfied hunger that genial, sustaining glow—always indicated with perfect digestion and assimilation.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate is quite unlike any other, and it is this very difference that emphasizes its marked superiority.

ALL LEADING DEALERS

Sample can free on request




HE'S OFF!

Letters to the Literati

To Maurice Hewlett

Who's the romancer to tax our credulities?
Who but our hero, Sir Maurice de Hewlett, is!
Have I been reading your "Song of the Renny" thing?
Sure! and it's quite too exciting for anything.
Oh, but your ladies and knights are a fancy lot—
Pikpoynts and Blanchmains, Mabilla and Lanceilhot,
Borrowed from legend or chivalric chronicle,
Fierce-hearted women folk, braggarts thrasonical,
Nobles as gross as the Nile hippopotami
Lawless and lustful and skilled in phlebotomy,
Villains that stab while the victim negotiates—
Hardly the kind one prefers as associates,
Innocent maidens enmeshed in the scheme of things—
Do you eat mince-pie to help you to dream of things?
Faith, 'tis a bedlam, the realm that you write about,
Freckled with castles and ladies to fight about.
Aye, 'tis a kingdom for raising the devil in,
Such as good Brother Jack London would revel in.
Bold is your fancy and wildly pictorial
Strangely controlled and yet phantasmagorial.
Like your old churchmen you strive to illumine
Yet, in creating, you only half humanize,
Making your knights and their lovely affinities
Not men and women, but fallen divinities
Driven by Fate and their passions tyrannical.
Then,—but you'll say that I'm too puritanical.
Though your morality somewhat too porous is,
You can sling language to beat the thesauruses.
So, go ahead with your epics of greater days,
Making us glad that we're living in later days.
Sing us your Iliads, Eddas and Odysseys,
Sing us of ladies with palpitant bodices,
Long-sworded bravos and helmeted paladins,
Troubadours, vavasours, Richards and Saladins!
Sing us of demoiselles, proudly imperial,
Clad in some soft, gauzy, purple material;
Sing us of donjon, portcullis and bartizan,
Sing us of battle-ax, falchion and partisan!
Sing us of females that strangle their relatives,
Sing us of poets with pretty appellatives,
Sing of the loves of the lamellibranchia—
Anything's better than Senhouse and Sanchia!

Arthur Guiterman.

• LIFE •



LOZIER

To the man of affairs, whose time is measured in big money value, a motor car of the character, dignity and power of the LOZIER is indispensable. It has become an essential part of his business life and the social life of his family.

\$4,700 Catalog and name of nearest dealer on request. **LOZIER** EST. 1901 **DETROIT**

· LIFE ·

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Jackson

You can see
the superb value
in Jackson cars.

You see it in their size—their power—the ease with which they ride.

In the instant and willing response of their powerful motors—in their ability to cope with a difficult situation.

Fifty horsepower—which usually means \$3000 or more—is yours in the Jackson "52" for \$1800, supplemented by the long wheelbase (124 inches) and the big wheels and tires (36 x 4 inches) so necessary to comfort in a high-powered car.

Instead of the 30 horsepower—that a price of \$1500 has always implied—40 horsepower in the Jackson "42" at that price; with wheelbase of 118 inches; 34 x 4 inch tires; and complete equipment of top, windshield, gas tank, lamps, etc.

And in the Jackson "32"—our \$1100 car—30 horsepower, 32 inch wheels, 110 inch wheelbase. Of the same high quality, in every detail, as the larger Jacksons.

Full elliptic springs, instead of the usual half or three quarter elliptic, on every Jackson car—simply another proof of the value already apparent.

A generosity of power and size and riding ease that, as a rule, is the especial attribute of the costliest cars.

And back of it all a progressive experience of more than ten years in the manufacture of good automobiles.

All we ask you to do is to go to the Jackson dealer and confirm what we have told you.

Let us send you our complete catalog, illustrated in two colors.

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

1300 E. Main St.

Jackson, Mich.

Jackson cars exhibited in space No. 111, on the elevated platform—Madison Square Garden Show, New York, January 6-13.

Model 52 (below)—\$1800

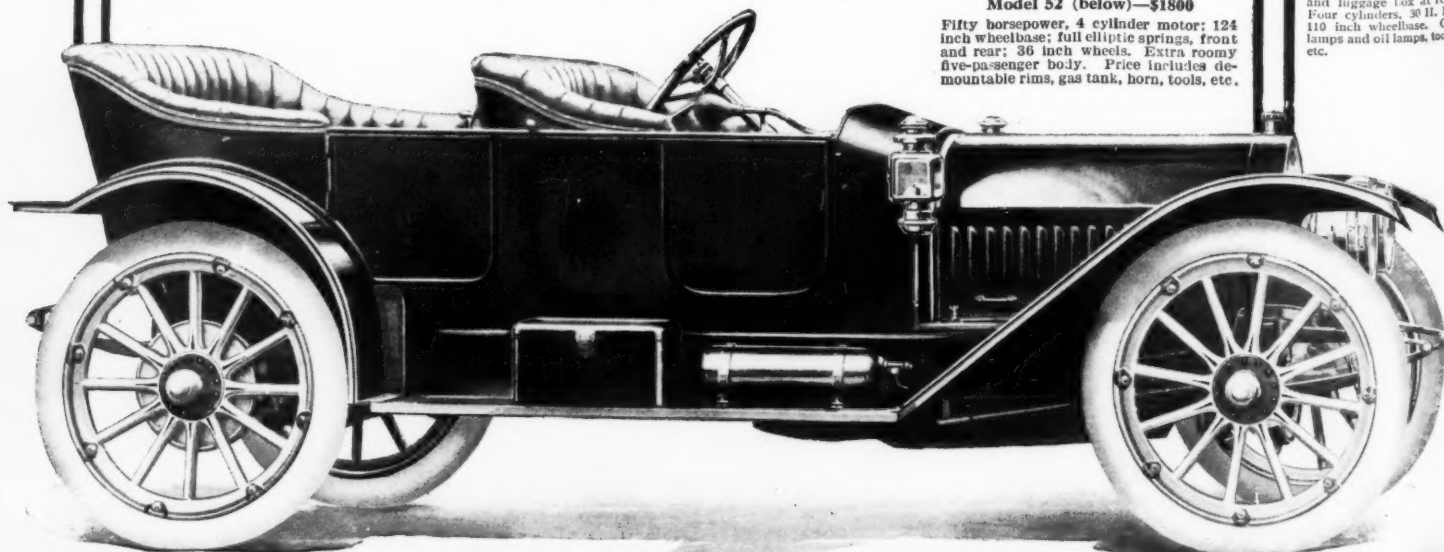
Fifty horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 124 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs, front and rear; 36 inch wheels. Extra roomy five-passenger body. Price includes demountable rims, gas tank, horn, tools, etc.

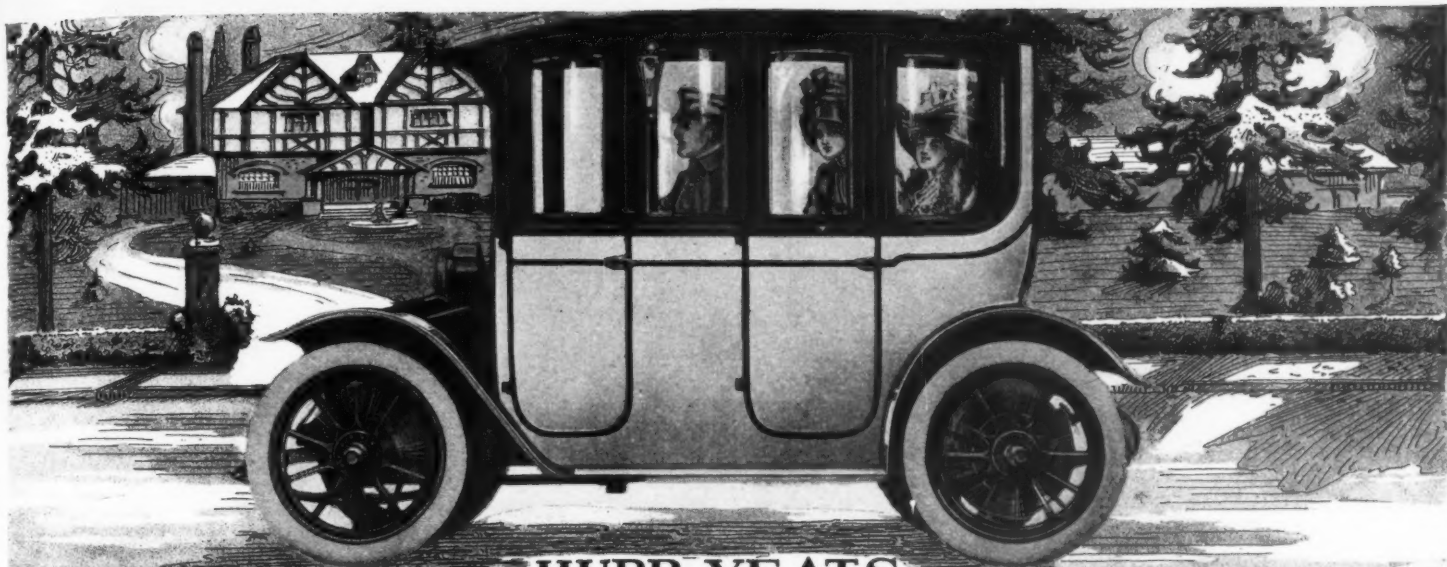
Model Forty-two—\$1500
Forty horsepower, four cylinder motor; 118 wheelbase; full elliptic springs, front and rear; 34 x 4 inch tires. Roomy five-passenger body. Price includes full equipment of top, windshield, gas tank, etc.

Model Thirty-two—\$1100
Thirty horsepower, four cylinder motor; 110 inch wheelbase; 32 inch tires; five-passenger torpedo type. Gas lamps and oil lamps, tools, etc.

Model Twenty-eight—\$1000
Two-passenger roadster. Gasoline tank and luggage box at rear. Four cylinders. 30 H. P., 100 inch wheelbase. Gas lamps and oil lamps, tools, etc.

Model Twenty-six—\$1100
Two-passenger torpedo roadster. Gasoline tank and luggage box at rear. Four cylinders, 30 H. P., 110 inch wheelbase. Gas lamps and oil lamps, tools, etc.





HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC COACH

A REVIVAL of the golden age in coach-building. So writes a well-known critic in speaking of the Hupp-Yeats. And in truth no monarch in state procession, no courtly retinue, ever rode in greater luxury, greater elegance and greater ease than is exhibited in these late Hupp-Yeats models.

But the Hupp-Yeats design, low-hung, safe and easy to enter or leave, represents the first adaptation of coach construction to modern needs. In mediaeval times coach bodies were swung high, because even in the large cities the streets were mere seas of mud often over the hubs. Modern coach-builders followed this design blindly. And on the smooth streets of a modern city it looked awkward and stilted, was dangerously liable to slide, and was difficult of ingress or egress.

The Hupp-Yeats with its low-hung body, is the ideal twentieth-century town car. The low center of gravity makes skidding, swerving or overturning a practical impossibility, and it is as easy to enter or leave as to step from one room to another. Women with memories of torn skirt-hems and sprained ankles will appreciate this feature.

"Royal" and "Imperial" Limousine (shown above). A five-passenger, fore-door car—all passengers facing forward. The most superb electric coach in finish and appointments ever produced. Both models identical, except that the "Royal" offers a choice of any domestic upholstery, and in the "Imperial" this choice is extended to include the richest imported tapestries or leathers.

"Royal" \$4,500

"Imperial" \$5,000

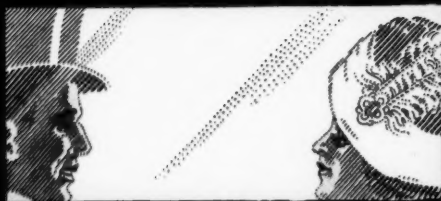
"De Luxe" Coupe (shown below). As supreme in the four-passenger coupe class as are the other two models among limousines. Highest quality Moroccan leather or French tapestry upholstery, with specially designed laces. Metal body parts and trimmings gold-plated.

"De Luxe" Coupe, \$4,000

HUPP CORPORATION, Manufacturers, 110 Lyncaste St., Detroit, Mich. Distinct from and having no connection whatever with Hupp Motor Car Co.

BRANCHES: Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2515 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1520 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 1301 Main St.; Los Angeles, 816 So. Olive St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 No. Third St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.





Travel Tire Care Free!

The foundation of peace of mind when motoring is the foundation of your car—its tires. An insecure foundation destroys confidence—and may even provoke disaster as well as annoyance. Those who roll along on

GOODRICH TIRES

are supported by the best rolling stock that American skill can produce, from the cream of the world's cotton and rubber markets. A Goodrich equipment, consisting of selected fabric, woven and laid together according to our specifications, covered with the toughest tread in existence, forms a shock-resisting and almost impenetrable unit. Best on heavy closed cars, for city use, as they are best for long distance touring—under all conditions

Best in the Long Run

The B. F. GOODRICH Company
Akron, Ohio

Largest In the World

Branches in the
Principal Cities



Wholesale Tire
Depots Everywhere

Real Motoring Comfort

TO make the most of motoring, real comfort must be enjoyed. Rough riding is distressing and often dangerous. The car that reels and careens over every road obstruction ceases to be a desirable possession. The aim of the car builder of to-day is principally directed to *comfort*, with less thought of speed. Witness, therefore, the best known makes of cars coming from the factory Truffault-Hartford-equipped. The man who buys any of these buys comfort with it, for all have the

Truffault-Hartford

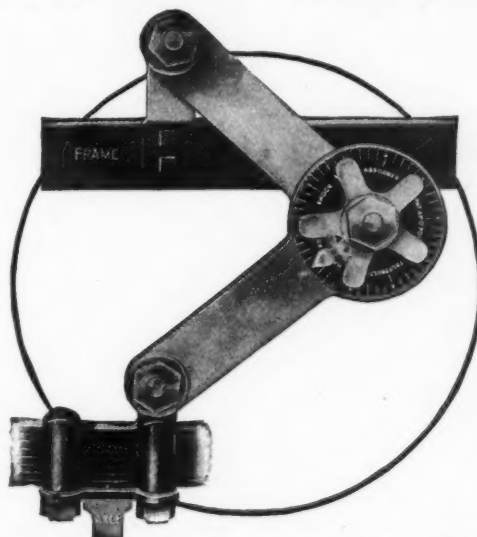
SHOCK ABSORBER

AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Save Money and Save Your Car

Besides realizing real comfort, the owner of a Truffault-Hartford-equipped automobile enjoys other advantages. His repair bills are materially lessened, his tire bills, too.

The presence of comfort is always marked by the absence of jolt, jar and vibration.



Send for Blue Print

Enjoy *real* comfort and all that goes with it by insisting that your new car be Truffault-Hartford-equipped, or by having your present model equipped at once. We facilitate this for you with a blue print showing how to make application to *your particular* car. If you will write stating its make, year and model, particulars will follow promptly.

These Cars are Equipped with the Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber

PIERCE	STEVENS-	STODDARD-	AMERICAN 50	MERCER
PACKARD	DURYEA	DAYTON	BENZ	SIMPLEX
THOMAS	RAMBLER	CHADWICK	APPERSON	FIAT SIX
OLDSMOBILE	PREMIER	VELIE	DIAMOND T	BRUSH
	COLUMBIA		KISSEL SIX	

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

E. V. HARTFORD, President

165 BAY STREET

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

NEW YORK, 1700 Broadway and 212-214 West 88th Street

CHICAGO, 1458 Michigan Avenue

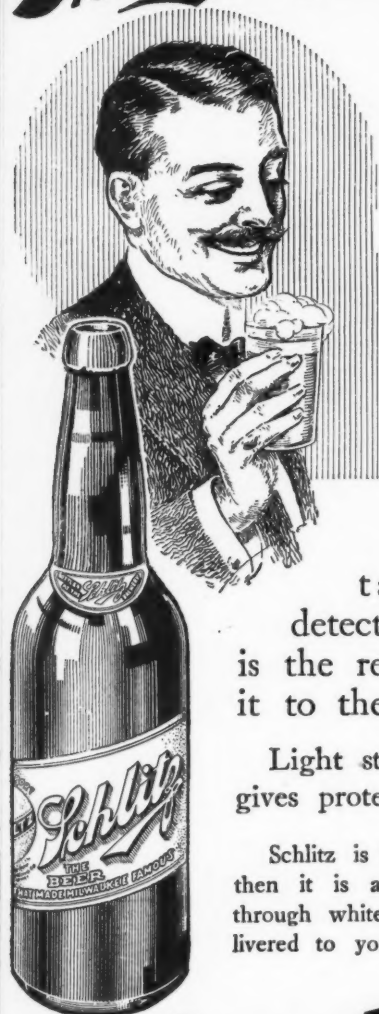
BOSTON, 325 Columbus Avenue

PHILADELPHIA, 1437 Vine Street

NEWARK, 289 Halsey Street

KANSAS CITY, MO., 1524 Grand Avenue

Schlitz in Brown Bottles No "Skunk" Taste



That "Skunk" taste sometimes detected in pure beer is the result of exposing it to the light.

Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives protection against light.

Schlitz is brewed in absolute cleanliness—cooled in filtered air—then it is aged for months, to prevent biliousness, then filtered through white wood pulp—then every bottle is sterilized and delivered to you in brown bottles, thus protecting Schlitz purity from the brewery to your glass.



Schlitz

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

If you knew what we know about beer, you would say "Schlitz—Schlitz in brown bottles."

Order a case from your dealer today.
See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz"

12-M

The Last Eruption of Vesuvius

(Concluded from page 72)

in a few years from now when I get through with him."

She went over to Mrs. Landstand, who by this time was utterly paralyzed with anger; but the directness, the perfect skill of the attack, the unerring truth of it all, had rendered her powerless. The girl put her arms around her.

"Now, don't you mind me," she

whispered. "You'll get used to me; I've said enough to upset you—just think it over. I'm going. Au revoir."

She slipped away, followed by George.

But this time George's father motioned him back. During the strange interview that individual, his eyes chained to the newcomer, had followed her every gesture with the complete surrender of all his faculties.

As he passed out into the hall, the girl turned to him with a smile.

"Say!" he murmured, looking furtively toward the half closed door. "When are you going to marry George?"

"When he makes good. Come along, George!"

They disappeared through the door. The auto started up. They were gone.

Mr. Landstand staggered back into the room. On the threshold he was confronted by Vesuvius.

"Did you ever!" almost shrieked his infuriated side partner "She shan't marry George. Never! Never will I permit it"

"Yes she will," replied Mr. Landstand calmly, his small eyes blinking.

"What do you mean? How dare you?"

Mr. Landstand advanced. It was the first time in his life he had asserted himself, but a new force born of the force of example was in him.

"My dear," he said quietly, "you bet she will marry George; she's a wonder. Why, in spite of the fact that we have been spoiling him all our lives, she has found out there is something to him. Why, I didn't believe it myself."

Mrs. Landstand sank in a heap in a chair. She was utterly vanquished. Her husband looked at her reflectively for a moment. Then, taking out his pipe and slipping softly out of the room, he whispered softly:

"Think of it! Me his father all these years, and I didn't know it was in him!" C. T.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.



SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D. imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.



See EUROPE in an AUTO!

BE free from railway trains. Stop when and where you please. Save Time, save Money, enjoy more, and really SEE EUROPE. We have for Hire the best open and closed Motor Cars for British and Continental Touring at the most reasonable Tariff in Europe. Literature, detailed "Through Europe in an Auto," free everything to do with Motoring Abroad!

Itineraries, also copy of "Through Europe in an Auto," free on request. Write us about everything to do with Motoring Abroad!
The INTERNATIONAL AUTOTRavel SOCIETY
26 to 30, Morning Post Buildings, Strand, London, England

· LIFE ·

Here, Gentlemen,
Are the Strongest Tires
in the World

United States Tires



UNITED STATES TIRES have been the predominant tires, leading all others in sales and popularity, during the year just past. And 1912 is going to be a still *greater* year.

It's not our advertising that has established our leadership. It's the *tires*. It's the service they have given for years and, in still greater degree of efficiency, are giving today for *thousands* of motorists everywhere. It's the way United States Tires stand up under hard usage, on every kind of car and every kind of road. It's the way they run; the way they last.

The motor car owner cannot hope for United States service from other tires, for he cannot find the *strength* of United States Tires in any other tire. Here in each of our four famous brands, G & J, Hartford, Morgan & Wright and United States, we have combined the strength of *all four*. In the making of each we have brought to bear the skill and experience and peculiar points of superiority which have made famous

each of the three others. No other tire company would even presume to claim for its product such elements of strength.

The year 1911 has seen thousands of tire-users *quit experimenting*. Thousands have taken advantage of what a great army of other tire-users had learned before—that it pays—literally pays, in dollars and cents—to use United States Tires. And this year thousands *more* will quit experimenting for the same reason—because it pays.

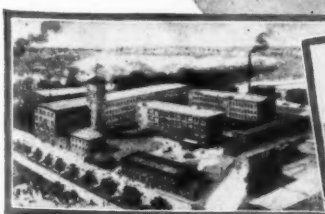
Our four great factories, running day and night, our three central offices, our scores of branches and agencies and our thousands of dealers all over America give users of United States Tires an *added* service advantage which no other tires offer.

The Strength of Four in Every One

United States Tires are made in four styles of tread, including the famous Nobby Tread, and the price is no higher than asked for other kinds obviously manufactured under less favorable conditions.

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY

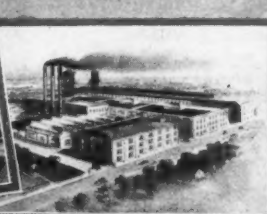
Broadway at 58th Street, New York



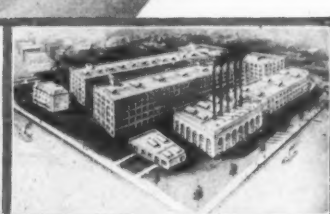
Providence Plant



Hartford Plant



Indianapolis Plant



Detroit Plant

Adirondack Foot-Warmers



Are Indispensable for
**Motoring, Driving and
Sitting Outdoors**

They insure coziness, warmth, comfort! Make living in the open in the winter a keen enjoyment. They're universally in demand. Worn by men and women over regular shoes or over hose. Made of selected sheepskin with heavy, warm wool inside: ten inches high. State shoe size and whether to be worn over shoes or hose.

**\$1.50 PAIR
SENT PREPAID**

Money back if not satisfactory.

Write for large illustrated Catalog of Outdoor Outfittings
W. C. LEONARD & CO., 102 Main St., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Two Hundred Years Ago

Those who are inclined to cavil at the head dresses of the present day should read the following, written by Joseph Addison, in the *Spectator* of June 23, 1711:

There is not so variable a thing in Nature as a lady's head dress. With in my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such enormous stature that we "appeared as grasshoppers before them"; at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost like another species. I remember several ladies who were once near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new, or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of the opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their per-

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sons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beauties of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must, therefore, repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex.

THE earth may cease its revolutions in 5231 as Professor Bauer predicts, but not South America.—*Dayton Journal*.

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Then up spake the latest fad Wickersham,
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Chinese Proverbs

When you are very angry, don't go to law. When you are very hungry, don't make verses.

Man is a small heaven.

The bully does not owe debts.

You can crush people with the weight of the tongue.

A stout cat is surely a thief.

A deaf priest can hear a hen crow.

After a typhoon there are pears to gather.

Let the duck dress to kill, flat forever stays her bill.

A tiger telling beads.

A pirate saying prayers for the dead.

Pearls wrapped up in rags.

A chicken-coop covered with cloth of gold.

A good drum does not need a heavy stick.

No needle has a point at both ends.

Everything fears the earnest man.

A stone lion doesn't fear the rain.

A rat's eyes can see but an inch of light.

A blind cat catches only a dead rat.

A stupid thief stops his ears when stealing the bell.

An ape may sit on a throne.

A blind man carrying a looking-glass.

The money-maker is never weary, the weary man never makes money.

It costs no strength to watch others labor.

Blame yourself first, then others.

The dumb can tell when they are beaten.

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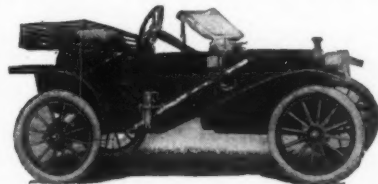
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F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears, four-cylinder motor. 3 1/4 inch bore and 5 1/2 inch stroke. Bosch Magneto. 106-inch wheelbase. 30x3 1/2-inch tires. Color—standard Hupmobile blue.

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The bad die early.

A rich man living on a mountain-top will have relatives from a distance.

A small stone can break a large jar.

You need a needle to draw a thread.

Mountains do not turn, but roads do.

Pure gold does not fear the fire.

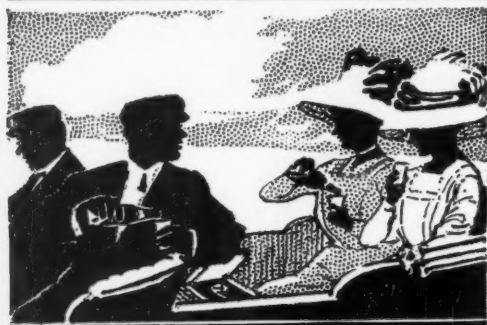
Those who live near rivers understand the fishes.

Hold your temper for a moment and avoid a hundred days of sorrow.

—From *The Eighteen Capitals of China*, by Dr. William Edgar Geil (Lippincott).



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A Difficult Adjustment

SCENE: English railway carriage. In the rear seat are two ladies, evidently strangers to each other. One is very stout, with a red face. The other is extremely thin, with a delicate face, with evidences in it of a severely critical cast of mind. On the forward seat sits a young gentleman.

STOUT LADY: Would you mind opening the window? It is rather close.

GENTLEMAN: Certainly not. (Complies.)

THIN LADY (after a few moments): Beg pardon, but would you mind closing that window. It is cooling us off rather rapidly.

GENTLEMAN: Certainly not. (Closes window.)

STOUT LADY (after a few more moments): Sorry to trouble you again, sir, but really, it is stifling here.

THIN LADY: You'll oblige me by not opening that window.

STOUT LADY (turning to thin lady): You do not like air?

THIN LADY: I am, on the contrary, fond of air. Fresh air is necessary. But I cannot endure sudden changes.

GENTLEMAN (to thin lady): Here is my coat, madam. You might wrap it around you while we open the window.

THIN LADY (drawing herself up stiffly): Thank you, no!

STOUT LADY: I shall die without air. I am beginning to feel faint. You must open that window.

THIN LADY: You must not open it.

GENTLEMAN: Will you permit me to open that window for just a moment, madam? (to the thin lady).

THIN LADY (her voice growing higher): And after that, what?

GENTLEMAN: After that you can settle the question between yourselves. I am only going to jump out of it.



THE UPPER TEN

The "Mona Lisa" Free

An 8x12 inch reproduction of the famous "MONA LISA," printed on heavy coated paper, in the full colors of the beautiful original painting by Leonardo da Vinci and reproduced from a new process, is the frontispiece supplement to the JANUARY METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. The picture is bound in the magazine so that it is an easy matter for the reader to remove it without spoiling either the reproduction or the magazine. Heretofore reproductions of this famous painting in the original colors could only be bought in expensive prints, ranging in prices from \$10 to \$35. It is free with the January Metropolitan. The handsome "Mona Lisa" reproduction is only one of the many attractive features in the January Metropolitan, "the most beautiful magazine in America." (See special offer below.)

OTHER FEATURES IN THE JANUARY METROPOLITAN

"MRS. LANCELOT," by Maurice Hewlett

"FROM THE BLEACHERS," by F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley")

"EXPLAINING MR. WICKERSHAM," by An Insider

"FRICK, THE ENIGMA," by Albert W. Atwood

SHORT STORIES, by Joseph Conrad, W. W. Jacobs, Eleanor Stuart and Walter Prichard Eaton.

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Monroeville Directory

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The Tylers and the Heymans and the LATHAMS and the SCHMITZES,
The Websters and the Kreiders and the Looses and the Fritzes.

The Hindleys and the Jacksons and the Ebingers and Spettles,
The Moreheads and the Foxes and the Thatchers and the Hettles,
The Crandalls and the Diedrichs and the Ketchums and the Hipplees,
The Waltereses and Binsacks and the Stentzes and the Dipplees.

The Polands and the Kesslers and the Shermans and the Lowerys,
The Gregorys and the Albertses, the Bakers and the Mowerys,
The Seamans and the Billingses, the Loseys and the Foellers,
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The Tire That Ends Trouble and Expense on Electrics

What was formerly the most *troublesome* and expensive feature of motor- ing need cause you no further concern. For, with the invention of the *Motz Cushion Tire*, all tire troubles and up- keep expense have ended.

The Motz Cushion Tire can never *puncture, blow-out or rim-cut*. And it does away with dangerous *skidding*. It gives three to five times as many

miles service as the most costly *pneu- matic* tire. Yet this remarkable tire has all the *life*, all the *resiliency* of the prop- erly inflated pneumatic. Note the *undercut sides* and the *slantwise bridges*.

These exclusive Motz features, to- gether with *secret-processed rubber*, are what give this tire its *pneumatic resili- ency*. *Notched double-treads* make it the non-skid tire.

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Seventeen makers of pleasure cars equip with Motz Cushion Tires for 1912, *even though these tires cost on an average of \$100 more per set than pneu- matics and \$125 more than solid tires*.

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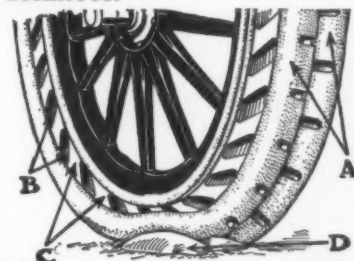
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This tire is made easy-riding by means of *double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret processed rubber*.

A—in the picture shows double, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs shocks when car passes over an obstacle (from photograph).

(159)

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The Pilkeys and the Pimmels and the Scoutons and McBrides,
The Murphys and the Weils and the Camps and the Scheids,
The Ryfs and the Strubs and the Drakes and Louis Gfell;

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—John Stoughton.

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Books Received

"Annual of the Society of Illustrators," 1911. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The Book of the Tarpon, by A. W. Dimock. (Outing Publ. Co. \$2.00.)

From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam, by A. V. Williams Jackson. (The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.)

The Fundamental Laws of Human Behavior, by Max Meyer. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

A Sheaf of Poems, by Bayard Taylor

and Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Who Was It? stories, by Julia H. Johnson. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. 50 cents.)

In Chateau Land, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$2.00.)

A Woman's World-Tour in a Motor, by Harriet White Fisher. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$2.00.)

The Writing of News, by Charles G. Ross. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Principles of Rural Economics, by Thomas Nixon Carver. (Ginn & Co.)

Why We May Believe in Life After Death, by Charles Edward Jefferson. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

The Nine-Tenths, by James Oppenheim. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25 net.)

The Confessions of Artemas Quibble, by Arthur Quibble. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.30 net.)

The Man in the Brown Derby, by Wells Hastings. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25 net.)

Cupid's Fair Weather Booke, by John Cecil Clay and Oliver Herford. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

Love in a Little Town, by J. E. Buckrose. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Awakening, by Maud Diver. (John Lane Company. \$1.30.)

Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Old Lamps for New, by E. V. Lucas. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)

The Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism, by Franz Cumont. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.)

Vegetable Verselets, by Margaret G. Hays. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.00.)

Mis' Beauty, by Helen S. Woodruff. (The Alice Harriman Co.)

Some American Story Tellers, by Frederic Taber Cooper. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.60.)

The Common People of Ancient Rome, by Frank Frost Abbott. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Selected Poems, by Henry W. Boynton, M.A. (The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.)

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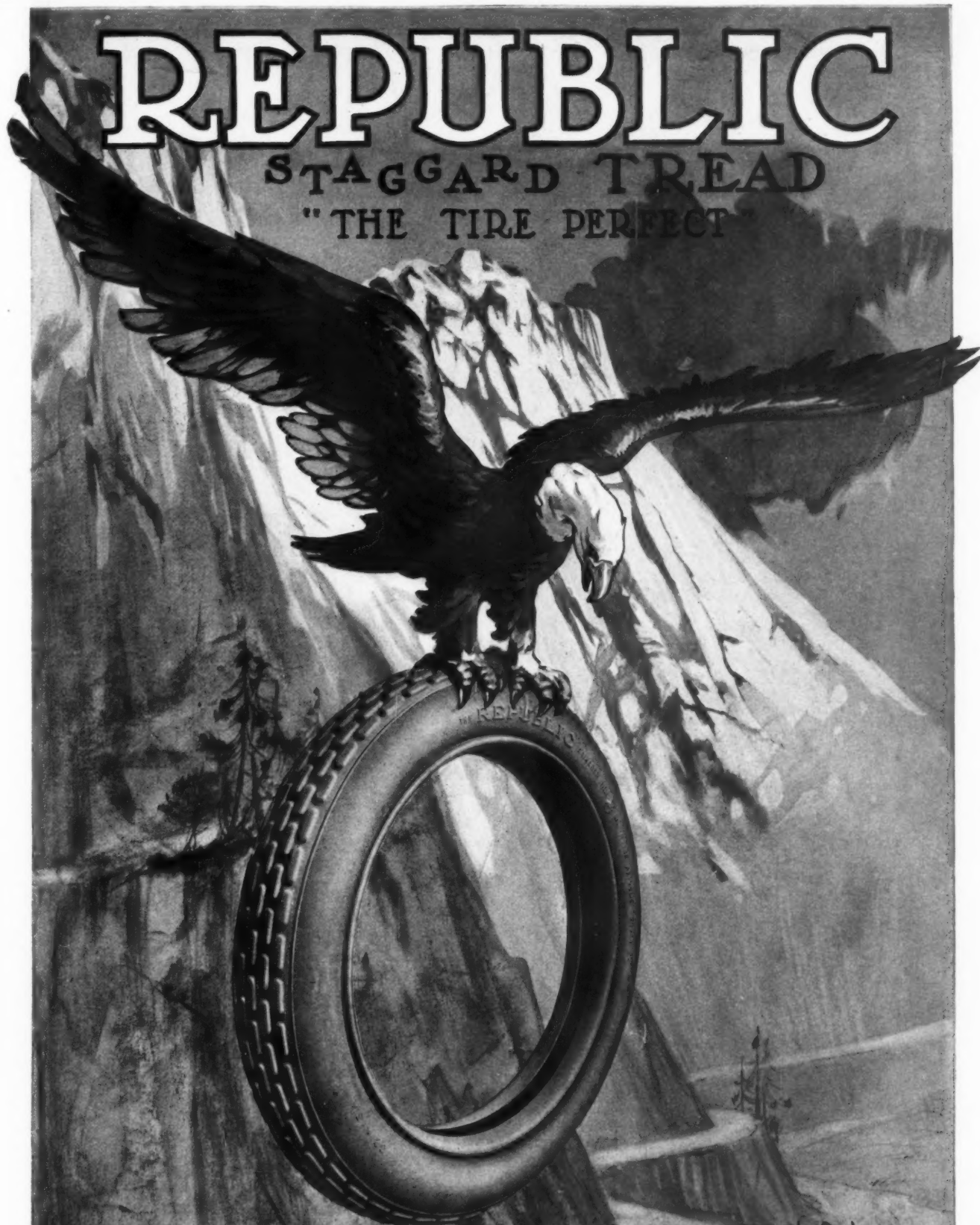
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· LIFE ·

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Garford

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